

NAME: Kitamura, Saburo DATE OF BIRTH: 1897 PLACE OF BIRTH: Hiroshima
Age: 75 Sex: M Marital Status: M Education: University

PRE-WAR:

Date of arrival in U.S.: 8/12/18 Age: 21 M.S. S Port of entry: San Fran.
Occupation/s: 1. School Boy 2. Farmer 3. Car Salesman/Manager of JA
Place of residence: 1. Suisun, Ca. 2. Chicago, Ill. 3. Detroit, Mich.
Religious affiliation: Christian Church 4. New York 5. Salinas, Ca.
Community organizations/activities: Manager of the Japanese Association

EVACUATION:

Name of assembly center: Santa Fe (Internment Camp - 7 months)
Name of relocation center: Poston, Arizona
Dispensation of property: Leased Names of bank/s: _____
Jobs held in camp: 1. Night watcher/Weeding (Santa Fe) 2. Golf Course Worker,
Jobs held outside of camp: Cannery Worker Block Manager, Kitchen
Left camp to go to: Oakden Helper, Guard (In Poston)

POST-WAR:

Date returned to West Coast: August 1945
Address/es: 1. Salinas, California 2. _____
3. _____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 11/15/72 Place: Salinas, Ca.

Translator: Taeiko Hernandez

NAME: MR. SABURO KITAMURA

AGE: 75 years old

Birthdate: 1897

Place of Birth: Hiroshima Prefecture

Year you came to U.S.: August 12, 1918

At what age did you come to the U.S.: 21 years old

Major occupation: Farmer then operated a fish market and
grocery store

Wife's occupation: Housewife

Relocation: Santa Fe then Poston

Interview Date: November 15, 1972

Interviewer: Reverend Heihachiro Takarabe

Translator: Taeko Hernandez

Translated Date:

NAME: MR. SABURO KITAMURA

Q: What is your birthplace?

A: Hiroshima Prefecture is my birthplace.

Q: Please tell me your name?

A: My name is Saburo Kitamura.

Q: When were you born?

A: I was born in 1897.

Q: When did you come here to America?

A: I came to America in 1918, the year when World War 1 ended.

Q: Do you remember anything about the war?

A: It was the war between Germany and Japan, and it ended in the year when I got to America. I came to America as a student during the war, but because of the war America was short of hands. Therefore, I might have been sent back to Japan unless I answered "Yes" to the question of the Immigration Office if I would work here. So I had to say that I was going to work. I landed here in America on August 12, 1918, and it was the season of fruits. I went to Suisun to work as an apple cutter. I also gathered prunes on the ground.

Q: What do you remember that you experienced in Japan?

Hardships and happy experiences.

A: The hardest time I had in Japan was that my family became bankrupt when I was going to graduate from a senior high

school and I became unable to go to a senior high school. I was going to go to a college in Tokyo. Because of the bankruptcy, I missed almost two years. Since I had an uncle in Hawaii, I asked him to finance me at a college in America, and I came to America. But two years had already passed since I graduated the senior high school. I had to make a lot of papers for going abroad to study. At the time when I graduated the junior high school, it was already time for me to have a conscriptional examination. So I processed the application for going abroad postponing the examination. One thing that troubled me a lot in Tokyo was that I had beriberi and my legs began to be swollen. So I had to go back to my town. But I postponed it until a summer vacation, because I was afraid that I might be drafted as a soldier if I came back home before the coming vacation. And I came to America in 1918 through many difficult paper work.

Q: How far did you go to school?

A: I graduated only from a senior high school. Although I took an entrance examination for a college in Tokyo and passed it, I didn't attend the school so much actually. I had a very hard time living in Tokyo supporting myself, because my family was unable to send me money. So I thought that it was much better for me to go to America than staying in Japan.

Q: Did you work to support yourself?

A: I was a houseboy there. I lived in a doctor's house once, but I had to move twice or three times in the short period

while I was Tokyo, because they didn't understand my dialect of my town so much. I felt so depressed.

Q: Do you remember any happy experiences?

A: I was happy when I ran very hard in athletic meetings at school. I was very good at running, especially a long-distance running. I couldn't get prizes in short-distance running races, but I always won the first or the second prizes whenever I ran in long-distances races. The longest distance I ever ran in my life was 24 kilometers in a marathon race, but I was wiped out after the race.

Q: What else do you remember about your school life?

A: The school life I had in Japan was very simple, and the same things were repeated over and over again. The most embarrassing thing that I experienced was Heichiku Taisow. The teachers were very strict with our clothes. We had to wear the same shoes and puttees as soldiers did to do the exercises. The poor students like me had to wear the cheap second-hand shoes used by soldiers, because we couldn't afford nice and new pair. And they ruined my feet badly. So I used to be scolded by the teachers.

Q: What was your family doing?

A: They were farmers.

Q: Were they doing widely?

A: No. Before, they had large farms, but when I grew up, only a small farm was left and we were very poor.

Q: What religion did they have?

A: They were Buddhists and belonged to Nishi-Honganji (the West Central Buddhism Temple), but for me, it was in my

9th grade when I became a Christian. At that time, I was weak in English. There were three English classes, and I got a failure mark of 6.0 in one of the three. If I had had 6.5 points, I should have been all right. The reason why I got such a bad mark was that I had promised with one of my friends not to prepare for the exam. It was in the second quarter of the school year, so I had to make up for this in the third quarter. There was a Methodist church just a few doors from my aunt's house that owned a dry-goods store. Mr. Shimose who was teaching English to 7th and 8th grade at my junior high school was also living in the church so I knew him well. I said to him, "Mr. Shimose, I am very weak in English, and I got a failure mark. Would you please tutor me after school?" Then he told me that he would do anytime I came over to his house. So I went to his house, which was a church and an organ and some chairs were set for the service, and began to attend the Sunday worship services. The minister, whose name was Seki Matsushita, wore a long, white beard. When I was leaving for America, he said to me, "You had better get baptized before going to America." So I answered, "But, sir, I don't understand Christianity yet, so it is useless for me to receive baptism." But he told me that it was good for me if I went to America. "What shall I do when I become to dislike to be a Christian and want to quit being it after baptized." I cannot forget what the minister answered to my question. He said, "you may quit

if you want to. But once Jesus Christ caught you, you would be surely coming back to Him. We human beings sometimes become to lose our faith, but the Lord would never give up those who are baptized." "Is it then all right for me to be baptized?", I asked. He said it was all right, and I received baptism from him.

When I was coming to America, I had an introduction to some people here in America from Mr. Tasuku Harada who was the President of Doshisha University, and it helped me very much. He knew quite a few people working in banks in America, so I had much to be thankful for from those people.

Q: How was the social conditions in Japan when you were a junior high student?

A: It was the time when the war was about to break out, so the social conditions were bad, and colored in military tones. We the senior high school students also had to be trained just the same way as the soldiers did. They made us hang on our shoulder a second-hand gun from the soldiers, and in a military-exercise class, a first lieutenant was the teacher to train us. Usually we had to stay in military for 3 yeard after volunteering, but for those who had graduated from a senior high school, only one year of the military life was enough, because they had already received such amount of military train= ing at school. They also hold maneuver per year for us the students.

Q: How many hours a week did you have such trainings at school?

A: We had physical exercises every day, and there were two kinds of exercises; the military-training exercises and the ordinary physical ones. We had the military training classes twice a week for 2 hours, and the ordinary exercise classes also twice a week, so we had a total of 4 hours of physical exercise a week.

Q: What had you been thinking about America before you came here?

A: Before I came to America, I had studied a lot about this country. I thought that America was a country of freedom. I had already gotten a permission to enter the Amoa Institute in Chicago. It is a technology school founded by Mr. Amoa.

Q: What do you remember about the experience on the boat?

A: There was a problem occurred to me that bothered me a lot. My uncle in Hawaii had sent me the money to get a first-class boat ticket, but I thought that it was too much for me who was a mere student to go to America by the first-class. So I spent almost all of the money in Japan. Since my parents had not traveled so much, I took them to all over the places in Kansai area (around Osaka, Kyoto.) I also took my elder sister who was living in Osaka with us to go sightseeing. Although I was coming back to Japan in 3 years, I somehow had a feeling that I would not be seeing them again. That was why I took my parents to go sightseeing. We visited a lot of places in Kyoto, Nara and some others, so my father finally had to tell me

to take a break one day because of the rain. I didn't care about spending meoney, for I had already gotten a third-class ticket on a boat to go abroad. All I had to save was 50 dollars to show immigrant officers in America when I got there. I was thinking that the uncle in Hawaii would prepare everything for me to go to Chicago when I arrived in Honolulu. But I found out that he was in another island and unable to meet me in Honolulu. I tried various ways such as sending telegrams to contact him. I had to pay for the hotel I stayed. And the money became 20 dollars less than 50 dollars which I should have had at least. I was lost and didn't know what to do. All the people around me were strangers to me. There was a man from Kishu (Kinki area in Japan) that I had acquainted with since we had been on board, and I thought this was the only man I knew that I could ask for his favor. So I asked him, "Would you please lend me 20 dollars, because I spent them out of 50 dollars." Then he laughed loudly and said to me, "Don't worry! I will lend you. Ha! Ha!" And he lend me the money. Finally I was able to land in the mainland of America. People told me that we had to have a lot of difficult examinations when we landed, but that was not true. An officer named Mrs. Ostton made me read a small card written in English and admitted me of my landing. But those who came in the third class cabin had to go to the Immigration Office to stay there for a while, while those who came in the first cabin didn't have to. So I spent the

immigration office life there for some time.

Q: How was the life there at the Immigration Office?

A: Treasure Island in San Francisco was the territory of the Immigration Office. They sent all the third-class passengers and the sick people to that island directly from the boats, and examined us physically and some other ways completely. When we passed all the examinations, we could get out of the island. They handed us to those who came to meet us. Since I didn't expect such a person, I was worried a little bit, but I could land without any problems.

Q: How many days have you been there?

A: I have stayed there more than a week. They put wire net fences all around so that we could not escape.

Q: Were you afraid?

A: I didn't feel so good because of the fence.

Q: What kind of people were on board?

A: The people in the third-class cabin were mainly workers.

Q: Were they all men?

A: No. There were quite a few women on board who were to get married through exchanging pictures, but the time of arranging the marriage through pictures was almost ending, and they were the last wives married in such a way.

Q: Was that in 1918?

A: Yes, it was. Since I used to row a boat in Japan, I didn't even think that I might get seasick. On the contrary, I got sick, being put in the shaky third-class cabin, and was unable to eat food. I said to myself, "If I couldn't

eat like this all the time, I would not be able to walk when I got to San Francisco. I have to eat something."

I encouraged myself and went up to a dining room.

Mr. Harada had given me an introduction to a professor of Tokyo University named Dr. Matsumoto who was also going to America by the same boat. He was in the first cabin, that was really gorgeous compared with the stinky dark third cabin. I visited him and talked for a while. Then he asked me if I would like to get anything. So I said, "Doctor, I got seasick and didn't feel like eating at all, since the cabin is way below and stinky. I would like you to get me something to eat." "O.K.

What do you want?", he asked me. But I was not familiar with the European food, I couldn't tell the name of the food easily. Only thing I could remember was "Ham and Eggs", and I ordered it. It was very good, it was the best food I had had in my life, and I was relieved again.

Q: How was the boat? Was it big?

A: Yes, it was the biggest boat at that time. Her name was Shunyoh Maru, and her weight was 13,000 tons.

Q: What else do you remember about the boat?

A: No, I don't remember so much. I just couldn't eat, and had to lie down on the bed all the time.

Q: So did I. What was the first impression you had when you came to America?

A: The purpose of my coming to America was to study applied science such as cosmetics. But the first thing that surprised me a lot was the number of cars. In Japan at

that time, we didn't have so many cars. In fact, in the country, we didn't see a car at all, of course in Tokyo there were some. But in San Francisco, there were quite a few cars running, and I even thought to myself, "Shall I study automobiles instead?" Anyway, I went to Amoa Institute in Chicago, but I had to take examinations. Since I was weak in English, in the examination of English I couldn't write some passages by Shakespeare, which was the question of the English examination, who only studied a little bit of English at a senior high school in Japan. The easiest one for me was the exam of mathematics, for it was the same as in Japan. But in the other exams, I had a hard time writing some explanations because of my weakness in English. On the other hand, in the classes, I thanked my teachers very much for their kindness. There were only 15 students in one class, and there was a professor and an assistant professor for the students. Since I didn't understand English so well, either professor or the assistant professor was always with me, and encouraged me by saying, "Don't give up! You will soon get use to it." Supposing that it would take me five years or so to graduate, and that the course was too difficult for me, I switched the course to automobiles major after one year and a half of studying. I began to go to Grea College, a vocational school, where we could be a mechanic in 6 months. There, everything was so easy for me that I passed the graduation exam at 90 points which surprised the teachers. But a vocational school was

a mere vocational school, and its educational level was low. So I decided to go to Detroit to attend the Auto School of Michigan State University which was suppose to be the best school at that time. They taught us theoretically and practicality very well. I stayed there for one year and a half. A friend I got at the school was a son of a noble family in Japan, and we always had lunch together. When I was at Amoa Institute, a son of Duke Hosokawa in Kyushu came and we became friends. At that time, I didn't have so much money and had been spending little by little for my necessities. But those children of noble families didn't know anything about life, and this duke's son had his man to take care of him. One day, this man had something to do and became unable to take care of him. I had to take him to see the city, and spent what little money I had, because he didn't know that he had to pay when he bought something. Later, some people began to say, "Mr. Kitamura may have some intention to carry him off or so, for he has been always with him these days." So I said, "I am willing to stop taking care of him." and I quit, because it was a very good chance for me to quit it since it caused me so much trouble. I had to spend my little money, even I had to rest from my parttime work. Anyway, I met another Japanese person at the school in Detroit, and we use to have lunch together on a floor of a hallway, because we were taking different courses. One day he asked me what I was doing. So I said to him, "I am living with a family

as a school boy, and I have to go back to the house soon after the classes are over." "You don't have to go home soon sometimes, do you?", he said. "No, sometimes they call me that I don't have to go home soon when they don't prepare dinner at home", I answered. Then he said, "Come over to my place when you don't have to go home soon", and I went to his place. There I found out that he might be from a noble family because of his possessions, and I tried to get out of his house remembering of the bitter experience I had at Amoa with the sone of the duke. He said to me, "Why are you running away?", "Why don't you like me?" So I explained him the reason and asked him if he was also a sone of a noble family. He answered, Yes. He also said to me, "I know the fellow Hosokawa, he was also attending Gakushuin School as I was. But I am different from him. To tell the truth, I didn't study at all at school. Although I graduated from Gakushuin Senior High School, I know nothing about English but ABC (alphabet). And I was the only one who made the President Nori cry. I was called Yagyw¹. And we became good friends. He was born in the Matsudairas², but he was adopted to the Watanabes' son who used to be the first retainer that managed everything of the castle. When he was born, his father had his new baby's fortune told. The fortune teller said that the baby might be in danger of insulting God, so his father decided to give him to the Watanabes as an adopted son. He was so frank that he told me everything and I enjoyed his story. He graduated from

the school half a year earlier than I, and waited for me until I graduated, saying to me, "I will take some classes and wait for you here. Then let's go to New York." I don't have such money to go there." "Don't worry! I'll manage somehow," was his answer. We went to New York together after my graduation. His elder sister was the wife of a Commercial Officer of the Japanese Government and living in a fine, tall apartment building along the Hudson. They had their apartment flat, and they had their own cook, 50-year old French lady, a houseboy named Harada, and a nurse. When we arrived there, the family was out for a vacation to go to some club to enjoy entertainments for a week. He was so glad to know that they were gone, saying "Now for a week, we are the masters. Thank God!" We played a lot, had fine dinners, and enjoyed sightseeing New York. One week passed and it was the time his brother-in-law and the wife were coming back. Then he asked me if I would stay in the apartment with them. So I said, "I don't think I can feel comfortable living with them. I will go back home." I had borrowed 300 dollars from my present wife's father to come back to California, but he spent all the money in New York. So I said to him, "I have to go back to California, but I can't go back without that money." Then he said, "O.K. I'll go to my brother and ask for it." We promised to establish an assembly in Japan together, and he was going back to Japan after making a tour around Europe while I was going to work in California to get the

money to go back to Japan. We planned precisely about founding the assembly and we departed. I went to Salinas, California and worked at a strawberry ranch of my wife's father to return the money of 300 dollars that I had borrowed. While I was working there, Mr. Watanabe suddenly came over to me. He said that he couldn't go back to Japan because he quarrelled with his brother who was to give him the money to go back to Japan. When I went back to Japan in 1960, I looked for him, who was Viscount Matsudaira in Tsuyama, but he had already died ten years before.

Q: Was he a son of the Matsudaira?

A: Yes, he has. The elder sister of my younger brother's wife lives in Tsuyama and she asked for his news and information, and received a letter from Mr. Matsudaira who had inherited the family, which said that the person had died ten years before and that his wife was living in Kyoto.

Q: Did Mr. Watanabe go back soon after he came to see you?

A: No, he stayed for 3 months at my place where I was working on the strawberry ranch. He told me that he was going to work there, so I said to him, "Oh, no! If you start working on the ranch, you would disturb the working of the other 50 people, and we could lose some money. So don't work!" Then he bought a shot-gun, shot a lot of birds, and enjoyed stuffing them. One day we the workers came back home from downtown after playing, we found out that he had bought a car. I said to him, "I thought you

hadn't had money. What did you do?" Then he said, "No, I didn't, but I received some money today, so I bought this car. Well, I think I am going to Los Angeles." And he drove to Los Angeles. I heard that he had lived in Pasadena for a while, but one day he came back to me unexpectedly. And he said to me, "I am thinking that I am going to give away this car to someone and go back to Japan via Europe." So I said, "You can give it away to anybody if you are surely going back to Japan. But in case if you may come back to America again, and it is very possible for you, leave the car here at my place. I am sure you would ask by telegram to send some money to you after spending all of yours." Because I had already once sent him some money to New York when he asked me by telegram. "O.K. Then I will leave it here." said he and left for Europe. There he happened to see his elder brother. When he was looking into a show window of a club, someone tapped him on the shoulder. So he turned around and found out his brother standing there. Again he came back to America from Europe, came to me, and drove the car to somewhere around Los Angeles. When he was finally going back to Japan, he came to see me. Unfortunately I was out and unable to see him.

Q: You began to work as soon as you landed here, didn't you? How long have you worked at that time?

A: I have worked for 2 years.

Q: What kind of work did you do?

A: The kinds of work varied according to the seasons.

I worked picking fruits and when the season of the fruits was over, I worked cleaning trees, cutting branches, weeding ranches, and so on. In the next year that I came to America, I did a reckless thing. It was very difficult for me to save money, besides the uncle somehow got mad at me because I had not met him in Hawaii, and sent me a letter that he would not send me any money at all.

So I had to work hard to earn the money to go to Chicago.

The money that I earned from working for one month was gone in only 2 weeks for getting new shoes and clothes, and paying my boarding. It was almost impossible for me to save money. Then one day when I was working on a strawberry ranch, the man named Hitomi lent me some money, and I bought some crop of grapes with that money.

And I began to ship the crop with Mr. Yayezo as my partner who was a younger brother of Mr. Hitomi, and gained a lot of money.

Q: How much did he lend you?

A: He lent me 3000 dollars. It was quite difficult to believe that he lent such a large amount of money to me whom he didn't know so well. He said, "You can't do anything if you don't have 2000 or 3000 dollars, so I will lend you 3000 dollars." And he lent me the money.

I went to buy a crop of grapes with 30 dollars in my pocket which I had earned, and bought it in an early stage.

The one thing that troubled me a lot was my poor English, and I had a hard time to negotiate about shipping. We made a profit of 50 cents to one dollar per box when we

packed and shipped them, and we usually shipped 500 to 600 boxes a day. So we made a large profit. One day I asked an old man who was working on a ranch how long he had been working. He said he had been working for more than 20 years. So I said to him, "Have you ever tired of business like what I am doing now?" He said, "No, because we lose money afterwards, even if we once can make a big profit." Then I had a difficult time to secure cars to ship the crop because the time was just after the war had been over. But in order to keep workers, I could not stop packing even for a little while, so I had to let them keep packing the grapes everyday. And thousands of crates were piled up in a barn without being shipped. Then Mr. Matsumoto, who had been a shipper of grapes for a long time, told me that he would ship them for me because he had a lot of cars. This was the man who I asked for his help and suggestion to buy the crop. He was just like a god of grapes, and knew everything about grapes. His name was Tokutaro Matsumoto, and he is already dead now. But the husband of his daughter owns Nippon Drugstore in Stockton. Anyway this man had a farm of 90 acres. When I was looking around vineyards to choose one to get, he came with me for 3 days to show me how to judge them, and said to me, "Now, you can judge good vineyards by yourself, can't you. When you find a good one, tell me. I'll judge it ~~for~~ you again." Finding one, I showed him the ranch. Then he asked me how much it could produce a crop.

I told him my estimation. "You are very good. It is a very good estimation, but I would estimate that you can get 15 more boxes per half an acre. Get this now." he said. "I don't have any money except 30 dollars in my pocket right now. I'll call Mr. Hitomi to send me the money." was my words. Then he said, "No, you shouldn't waste any time, otherwise someone would buy it before you do. I will write a check for you. If Mr. Hitomi doesn't lend you money, I will be your partner. Just say them that you are going to buy this." And I bought the crop.

Anyway, I was having a hard time in getting cars to transport thousands of crates of grapes already packed and ready to go, so it was a very good opportunity that Mr. Matsumoto proposed me that he would ship the crates for me by his cars. I carried my crates to his place by trucks rapidly day after day. But according to the contract with the company which I made and signed, I shouldn't have shipped the crop to another place, and a police came to arrest me by the reason of breaking the contract.

I was surprised, because I didn't know the context of the agreement I made, and all I did was to sign the paper. Fortunately, I didn't have to be imprisoned, and I got an interpreter named Gonzo Matsumoto who was a college student. He said, "Mr. Kitamura, you can say anything you want. I will interpret you favorably so that you may not be put in jail." I didn't know I wasn't imprisoned after all. The next thing I had to do was to

get money from the company where I shipped grapes to pay the workers, but I hesitated because the news of my affair had been already reported widely. I asked Mr. Hitomi to come with me, but he insisted on my going alone, so I went to the company by myself to receive the money. But they didn't understand my English, nor I didn't understand what the company was saying. So I asked for paper and a pencil and wrote down what I was saying. They understood it and we communicated by writing. When the company gave me a 3500 dollar check, I was so relieved and happy. From this crop of grapes, I made a big profit of 4400 to 4500 dollars. We started shipping at the end of September and finished it by November 3 when a big festival used to be held among the Japanese people. When Mr. Hitomi lent me the money, he said to me, "You and my younger brother don't have money at all. So if both of you lost the money of 3000 dollars, I know that you would not be able to return it. So I had better think that I am going to give this money away to you instead of lending. I also would like to invest in crops, but I can't. If I failed in the investment and lost money, my parents would be so worried that they wouldn't go back to Japan this year. Since I would like to return them to Japan, I don't want to make them worried, so I won't do the investment. Instead both of you may do it. But remember this, "You have to return the money." So I said, "All right, all right. I will pay the money back at any cost." He lent me the money

and I made such a big profit by getting the crop. With the money I had gained, I went to Sacramento with Mr. Yayezo and stayed there for a while to play and enjoy shopping. At that time, golden watches with golden chains were very popular, so we bought the same golden watches together and got one for Mr. Hitomi. I also bought an over-coat for my elder sister which cost me 100 dollars at that time. While we were enjoying shopping and playing there, we got news that Yayezo's mother was sick in a hospital. The money Mr. Yayezo and I had earned by the crop was put in one savings account, so I told him not to object what I was going to do with our money. He asked me why, so I said, "Don't ask me why, and just observe." Then with that money, I paid the cost of the hospital where Mr. Yayezo's mother had been and the trip to Japan for his parents. At that time it cost only 50 dollars to go to Japan by boat, and one dollar was worth 2 yen. We spent the money for quite a few things, but there still remained 3000 dollars. So we split the money into two, 1500 dollars each, and I went to Chicago. But the money was all gone only in one year and a half.

Q: Didn't you have any intention to try the business dealing with grapes again?

A: Mr. Harada, the president of Doshisha University, introduced me to Mr. Sakio Tsurumi who was chief of the commercial section of the Department of Foreign Affairs, when I had a difficult time to get a passport to come to America.

He told me when I asked him to accommodate me, "Twice a month there is held a conference concerning the passport, and we discuss and decide the permission of the passport. I am a member of the conference, so when your application comes, I will accommodate you of your getting the passport." So I went to see him to say, "Thank you" when I was leaving Japan. Then he said to me, "I'll have your neck if you do something disgraceful to Japan overthere." "I promise I would never do such a thing." Anyway, it was when I earned big money from the grapes, and black marketing of whiskey was being done widely. There was a Japanese black marketeer who was trying to persuade me to join the business since I had a lot of money. The price of the whiskey became twice as much in one night, when we bought and carry if by trucks to a certain place, so it was a very profitable business although it was risky. This man said to me, "I will carry the whiskey by a truck and all you have to do is to give me the money to buy whiskey. It's not risky at all for you." I said to myself, "It is not bad. If I do this once a week for a few weeks, paying 500 dollars in each time, I could make a large profit." But I refused his proposal because of the promise I had made with Mr. Tsurumi that I would never disgrace Japan, but to tell the truth, it was very attractive to me.

Q: What impression did you get about the white people when you came to America?

A: There was not so much anti-Japanese mood when I came to

America. I seldom had contact with the white people, but to me they didn't seem to dislike the Japanese people when I went downtown.

Q: Have you had any bad impression from them?

A: No, I have never had, although I heard that some Japanese had stones thrown at them.

Q: When did you come to Salinas?

A: I came to Salinas in 1925.

Q: Please tell me about the story of your marriage.

A: I borrowed 300 dollars from the father of my wife.

Q: How did you get to know him?

A: He was my relative, but I hadn't met him before I came to America. Anyway, I had to work and return the money to him. Then I was going to save the money for the funds of an assembly which Mr. Watanabe and I were to establish. So I began to work on a strawberry ranch of the father of my wife. She had had a proposal of marriage sometime before I came to Salinas, but it was broken after I got to the place. On the other hand, I received a letter from Mr. Watanabe, which said, "I had a fight with my elder brother and was refused his investment to our company. If you have an intention to work in Japan, I would find a position for you that would pay well." So I answered, "I would rather stay here than being a salaried man in Japan. So let's forget the plan of establishing an assembly in Japan." It was soon after I had sent him the letter that he came to my place in Salinas from Japan, unexpectedly. "How could you come here

so fast. It is very difficult to get the visa, isn't it?", I asked. "For me, it's not hard at all to go abroad if I pay some money. If I ask for going abroad today, I could leave Japan tomorrow. It's that easy." Anyway, I was with the family for a long time, and I became already over 30 years old. It was a little bit late for me to get married, but since I had decided to live in America, I had better hurry in getting married. So I told the father of my wife that I would like to marry his daughter. He said, "Do you think that your parents would accept this? They must be waiting for your return with a fine education." "I'm over 30 years old and no longer a baby. I will have my own way.", I said. But he told me that he wouldn't accept our marriage without my parent's permission. So I wrote a letter to my parents about this, and received a letter from them telling me to come back to Japan without getting married. But they finally agreed with me by my stubbornness and we got married.

Q: Did you ask her father to arrange your marriage or to give you his daughter as your wife?

A: I asked him for his daughter as my wife, then he said, "I have no objection against the marriage. Make a proposal to her and decide yourselves." So I proposed to her and she accepted it immediately. Then I wrote to Mr. Hirada to introduce me some proper person as an intermediary of our marriage, and he introduced me to Mr. Miura in Monterey, who was quite an influential man that graduated from Stanford

University and was the husband of Mr. Harada's former student named Miki, who was very pretty and bright. We were going to have a wedding at a church in Montley, and were introduced to Rev. Kawamoto. So I went to see him to ask him to marry us, but I didn't like nor accept something he told me, and decided not to have our wedding at his church and we got married in San Francisco at a Presbyterian church. We also had a wedding reception there since I had quite a few acquaintances there such as Mr. Shinichiro Ebina, some people of Nichibei News-paper Company, Mr. Chokei Nishikata, Mr. Miura who worked for the Japanese Consulate, and so on. In San Jose there was a man named Mr. Tokunaga, who owned a drug store, and his wife was a daughter of Mr. Minobe in San Francisco. I asked him as our intermediary of our marriage as well as Mr. Miura in Monterey. Mr. Miura prepared everything for our marriage in San Francisco and we got married in a church in San Francisco. We also had a wedding reception there, so did we in Salinas.

Q: You have been living in Salinas since then, haven't you?

A: Yes, I have.

Q: What did you do there?

A: I started a strawberry ranch with me wife's father before we got married, and we had worked on the ranch for 5 years before we had a 4 year lease of a new larger ranch. We grew strawberries there on a large scale, and found out that it was too much work to operate the strawberry ranch. Every morning at 5 o'clock we had to get up to work.

Usually at that time, they used to grow strawberries in a 3 acre to 5 acre ranch, but in our case, we got a 50 acre ranch and grew strawberries on 30 acres. We had 60 pickers at the most in the season on the ranch, and sent the product to San Francisco by trucks. Although we hired a truck driver, we had to ask my wife's brother, who was a high-school student to drive the truck to San Francisco at night when the driver was ill. The work I did was to watch the pickers all day, and that kept me terribly busy. First, we carried the strawberries to a platform which was on the way to San Francisco, then gathered all the products from around that area to send them by a very big, maybe the biggest truck. It was always 11 o'clock at night when I came back home after finishing all the work of loading our product on the truck at the platform, then I had to keep books. So it was 12 o'clock at night that I could take a bath. Mr. Watanabe was staying at me house then and he used to wait for me until midnight. We had a Japanese bath made of wood and used to put water full, but when he took the bath, he used to complain that he had to take such a stinky bath. So I said to him, "You could have taken the first that no one had not taken, since you are not working. You don't have to wait for me." "But I would like to take a bath with you. Ha!", said he. Anyway when we quit the ranch, we earned enough money to buy a 20 acre piece of land near the town. Since we didn't have citizenship, we got the land under the name of a son of

my father-in-law, and the land is now for trailer homes. I found my father-in-law a little bit greedy, and I didn't get a share from him although I had worked very hard. So I told him that I was going to quit farming, because I didn't want to work with him any more. I applied for a job to a Ford automobile dealer in Salinas, since I had studied about automobiles before, and they hired me as a car salesman.

Q: Probably you were the only Japanese salesman of cars at that time.

A: Yes, I was. I sold cars well and that surprised the company, because sometimes I sold one car a day. One day they said to me, "Sam, you are selling cars like bananas!" One year after I started this job, I was asked to be a manager of the Japanese Association. At first I hesitated to accept it. The man who came over to my place from the Association to offer the work said to me, "I think to accept the work is very good for your job, for once you are the manager, everyone would know you," I agreed to his opinion and accepted it, because at that time when I visited the Japanese people to sell cars, everyone was a stranger to me and it made me harder to do my sales job. I started working for the Japanese Association half a day from 9 o'clock in the morning until noon.

Q: Did they pay you?

A: Yes, they paid me 75 dollars a month, but this money was always gone soon for some little things of the association and didn't help me at all. At that time in Salinas, about

3000 Japanese people were living, and I visited almost all the houses to sell cars. I sold a car to every house where I had dinner.

Q: So you had to go from house to house to sell cars. It was different from now, wasn't it.

A: People seldom came to the store to buy a car, so we visited them instead to sell. The store had 3 salesmen and me.

Q: Did the white salesmen also go out to sell cars?

A: Yes, they did, too. There was a sales manager who always stayed in the store.

Q: Did you drive?

A: No, I didn't in Salinas, although I did in Detroit. Anyway, in the morning I worked for the Japanese Association and in the afternoon I worked as a car salesman. This life style for 7 years. At 8 o'clock in the morning I went to the garage of the store to receive lectures on salesmanship given by the sales manager, at 9 o'clock I went to the office of the Association and stayed till noon, then in the afternoon I visited houses in the country to sell cars. Complete prospect cards were made for us the salesmen, and on the cards were described details when to visit and so on. At that time, Ford Products were much reasonable than Buick and others. It only cost 820 dollars for the best Ford car with 4 doors, while Buick cost 1,800 dollars and Chevrolet cost 1,200 dollars. Also the driving expense of Ford was really reasonable. For example, it only cost 65 dollars to

exchange a motor. Among the Japanese people in Salinas, they had about 500 cars at that time. I thought that 500 cars would change the financial situation of the Japanese people and with this belief I pushed really hard to sell cars to them. Mr. Kondo, who is now in Japan, bought only Ford cars, and some big-acred farmers bought Ford tractors. So I was very successful in that job. Later, one of my acquaintances who was working at market in Los Angeles got me 8 ounces of broccoli seeds from Italy to try and I paid over 10 dollars for them. I tried the seeds, and some strange things came out. I didn't know what to do with them, so I let the plants grow themselves and didn't take care of them. Then flowers came out from the plants in my ranch full of grasses, so I cut them and shipped them to a market. I put the flowers in crates for lettuces. About 80 pounds of the flowers made one crate and I shipped 3 crates. Another farmer also shipped 3. Amazingly enough, the flowers were sold at 13 cents a pound. I couldn't believe it, because I didn't take care of the plants at all. But when I received a check for the broccoli, I had to believe that it was true. The next day I began to weed the ranch and take care of the crop. I had planted 5 acres. I watered them and took good care of them, so the flowers grew very well. First we started to ship 10 crates everyday and got 8 to 10 cents a pound. That was not bad at all. So one day we shipped 50 crates, 25 crates each, then we were told to stop

shipping and had to pay for the dumping. We were in trouble, because the broccoli was in season and we had to cut them before the flowers bloomed. So we had to cut and throw them away, but the new ones were coming out one after another. It was a big waste to throw them away, so I tried very hard to find someone that could buy the crop. Finally I found out a man named Darico in San Jose who wanted to buy them. Although he didn't pay us so much, it was better than just throwing them away. Then I got about 100 pounds of the seeds from the broccoli flowers, and saved them carefully since one pound of them cost more than 10 dollars.

Unfortunately a war broke out in that year or in the next year, and I couldn't use them. When I returned from camp, they were too old to use. Then the man in San Jose who had bought my broccoli asked me to grow them in his 200 acre ranch. He just wanted me to take care of them and asked me how much I wanted for it. I said, "All I have to do is to go to watch the ranch in the morning, and it will take only an hour. So I don't require so much, just pay me 50 dollars a month." He agreed with me and paid me 50 dollars monthly. The Japanese Association work paid me 75 dollars and I was also working as a salesman. So at that time I got 300 dollars monthly and it was pretty good. At his ranch, I only showed the workers how to seed, then when the crop came out, I showed them how to take care of the crop, and when to cut the flowers. This was the beginning

of growing broccoli, but today about 14,000 acres of broccoli farms exist in San Jose.

Q: Were you the first that grew broccoli?

A: Yes, I was.

Q: Did you invent a new way of growing celery?

A: Yes, I did. They used to grow seedlings first and plant them leaving spaces when they grew celery, and it cost a lot of money doing this way. So I sowed seeds of celery in my field like we did to grow lettuce. It was a new experiment, and I tried this way in 8 acres.

Surprisingly enough, the result was very fine and the celery grew really big. There was a big shipping company called Gallin Company which had a lot of branches around Stockton and one of them was near my farm. Everyday I used to send 100 to 150 crates of celery to the company then one day this man Mr. Gallin came to see my farm for his office in San Francisco for my crop was extraordinarily good. He said to me, "Sam, how do you grow such good celery?" So I said to him, "Mr. Gallin, you have quite a few farms here and there, but you are farming by airplanes; you just fly over your farms to observe and soon fly back to San Francisco. That is no good at all." Although I hadn't experienced farming before and started to farm very recently, I put my nose into the ground to see if my celery need water when I grow them. When they look like they want water, I give them water. When they say they need a fertilizer, I give it to them. That's all I do and I don't know anything else. But you

can't grow them by airplanes. Anyway, the way to grow celery by seedlings is being done less than 10% of all the celery being produced in 9,000 acres and mostly they are grown by sowing seeds directly in farms which I began first. But I had a difficult time in doing this first. I went to a nursery in Stockton and got some information on how to take grass away from a seed bed, because the grass on seed beds of celery grow faster than celery seeds and by the time celery seeds begin to sprout, the grass covers the bed and their roots cut those of the celery. I found out that at the nursery they were using a kind of burner to burn grass just before the celery sprouts came out from the ground. I bought 4 burners there in Stockton and burnt the grass of my celery farm. The sprouts of celery come out of the ground 7 or 8 days after sown and I had to burn the grass just a day before the sprouting of the celery. If I had missed this day, I would have burnt the celery together with the grass. So the timing was very important at that time. But today a good weed killer spray was made and it kills only the grass leaving the celery alive. The reason why my new method made celery grow in better quality is that we don't have to replant celery seedlings. If we do it, the stems of them would be crooked at their root. But if we sow the seeds directly to a farm, they grow always straight, and it is much easier for us to cut them to ship. Also it costs much less than the former method. The reason why I thought of this new method was that getting the

seedlings cost too much at that time. About 40,000 seedlings were necessary for one acre, and it cost about 40 dollars per one acre to buy them from a nursery. Even if we grew them ourselves, it cost more than half the price of buying them. Also we had to classify their sizes and put them into boxes for the planting machine. I got the machine in Stockton, but first it didn't work right. Instead of planting seedlings, the machine began to pull them out from the ground. I tried to fix it and finally the machine began to work properly. It cost 50 to 60 dollars an acre to plant them and this was too much just for planting, besides we had to pay about 350 to 370 dollars for growing expenses. So the possibility of losing money was really high when they would be sold at a low price. I tried a new way and luckily succeeded in it. But this method can't be used in San Jose nor Stockton because it is too hot there. As soon as the sprouts come out from the ground, the heat kills them all. Since Salinas is cool, we can grow celery in this way. There is a man named Mr. Takeda in San Jose who succeeded in the business of celery and is to me, a god of celery. He helped me a lot providing information about celery when I started growing them. Of course, he had to grow seedlings first in green houses because of the climate there, and they got mosaic disease easily. This disease didn't come to Salinas since it was cool. So the celery production in Salinas took over that in San Jose finally. A few years

later, I visited him and found two green houses full of grass without seedlings. I asked him why, Then he said, "Since you invented the new method and grew better celery, we became unable to go on our business." Hearing him, I felt so bad that I wanted to cry. I didn't know this situation at all. But I am glad to hear that he is now successful in his business again.

There is another man named Mr. Kondo that I would like to talk about.

Q: Was he in Pasadena once?

A: No. He was very famous in an internment camp and was elected a spokesman six times. In the camp, all the distinguished Japanese people in the U.S.A. were put in, and he was the most popular. He was the President of Japanese Association when I was a manager of it, and at that time, I didn't realize his greatness and I had a quarrel with him.

Q: Is he Mr. Ichikuro Kondo?

A: Yes, he is. When this ceremony of awarding honors was held he was back in Japan. The committee of the ceremony decided not to honor those who were in Japan then. Mr. Kitsuka and Mr. Terauchi from the committee came to my house one day and told me that they were going to award me an honor for the new method of growing celery. I said to them, "In order to support my family, I thought of the method, and I didn't do it to be honored. I am not worth it. Being in America, I am very glad to be able to attend a party for us elders held by nisei and

sansei people and see their respect to their elders. That's more than enough for me. Do you know Mr. Kondo? He is the person that you should award an honor, and he is now living in Japan lonely in an apartment. There wasn't any other greater person than he in the internment camp. He is a man of character. He established a women's commercial high school in Kyushu in Japan, and his younger brother is now the principal. He established the school being deeply in debt." When I visited him, he showed me the school, and said to me standing in front of the auditorium, "Mr. Kitamura, I built this auditorium with the money that I earned by working in a hotel making coffee." You should honor such a person as he. I would like to refuse your kind proposal. And I refused to accept it a few times. Then Mr. Kitsuka said, "If we honor Mr. Kondo, would you accept it?" So I had to accept it. Anyway, the president of this committee was Mr. Rikimaru whom I knew very well, so I wrote to him, "I think you know Mr. Kondo very well in the internment camp. You should honor him instead of me. I don't want nor expect to be honored." Then he held a special conference for it and decided to honor him, too. I wrote his long history for him for the book of the ceremony, but they cut it very short. Then the testimonial was going to be awarded to him at the Takamatsus' place (Japanese Emperor's brother), and the invitation was sent to him. Soon after that, I received a letter from him, complaining, "I would never attend

such a ceremony. I guessed that you had done all this, but I would like to tell you that I am not going to attend it."

Anyway, Mr. Kondo is a great man and when he visited America 10 years ago, he had an interview twice with the American Consulate in Chicago.

Q: Where were you when World War II broke out?

A: I was in Salinas.

Q: How was the situation here? And what happened to you?

A: I was living near the house of a sheriff and always passed a road in front of his house to go to my farm. So we were good friends. The war broke out in December when I had gathered in less than half of the crop of celery grown in 80 acres. I had to take in all the crop of celery to pay my bills. One day one of my friends ran to me to my farm and said to me excited, "Mr. Kitamura! Don't you know that Japan began a war against America!" "Really? When?" "Yes. Japan attacked Pearl Harbor!" The radio began to report about the war one after another. I had hired about 50 Filipinos to take in my celery and used to ship 2,000 crates of them everyday. One day, a little after the outbreak of the war, some of them came to me and said, "Papa, would you please pay us now, Because we are going to attend a Filipino's conference in Stockton." So I asked them how long they would be gone, then they said they would be gone for 3 or 4 days. "Come back as soon as it's over." "O.K." After I paid them, more and more workers came to me to be paid, so

I had to supply the labor by hiring some workers at strawberry ranches. But they didn't come back even one week later, so finally I went to their camping place and asked them why they didn't come to work on my farm. Then they said, "Papa, I want to work, but I am scared to be killed, if I work on your farm. You know why. Your country is fighting against America." "Oh, is that why? I see. But why didn't you tell me so first?" I said. Since I couldn't get labor from them, I asked all the workers at strawberry ranches to come to work on my farm and started to take in the crop. Then a bank froze my account. Since I didn't have citizenship, I was farming under the name of somebody whom I had borrowed. But I had been using my bank account freely, so by the time the bank froze my account, I had already written checks of 2,000 dollars. A leader of the workers of the strawberry ranches came to me and said to me, "Mr. Kitamura, nobody wants to come here to work, because the bank won't cash the checks you made. Don't you know this.?" "No, I didn't." The bank must have frozen my account. Anyhow, I need you to come over to my farm and gather in all my crop. Please tell them so. I will call the shipping company and have them bring some cash today. So would you please check the people who really need cash immediately." So I called the company and said to the owner named George Jung, a Chinese, "George, my bank has frozen my account, but I had already made checks of 2,000 dollars. So please send about 2,500 dollars in

cash today." "No, we can't pay such a big amount of money in cash at one time. All we can pay in cash at one time is 500 dollars." "Then can you pay me 500 dollars every day?" "No, but 500 dollars every other day might be all right." So I received 500 dollars in cash every other day from the company, and began to pay them. After one month, I finished cashing all the checks I had made to the workers. Then I started paying them in cash every day, and finished shipping all the celery of my farm finally. We had a very heavy rain when the celery was almost taken in and only 15 acres of them were left, and a truck full of celery crates on slipped was stuck beside a road, and became unable to escape from the place. The rain was still falling down in torrents, but the price of them suddenly raised three times as much. So I gathered the workers to cut the celery and got a big money then. I always made a contract of shipping with George Jung by word. One day a white man from another shipping company came to me and said that he would like to buy my crop at the price of 2 dollars a crate. At that time, George Jung was paying 1.25 to 1.50 dollars per crate. This white man said that I didn't have to ship to George Jung because we didn't make a proper contract paper. So I said to him, "Once men promise by word, there would be no need of making a paper. I think you know George Jung very well. If you were George, and I sold my crop to another company with a higher price breaking our verbal promise, how would you feel? I would

not sell my crop to you" On the way back to his company, this man visited George Jung and said, "Oh, George, you are lucky enough to have such a good pa.", telling all what I said to him. So I was trusted by Jung more. When the war began. I told him not to withdraw my money without my signature or my wife's. I had about 5,000 dollars in his company, and asked him to hold the money while I was in an internment camp. I wrote to my wife to get some money from George and send it to me. But she didn't, so finally I called him and told him to send 100 dollars to me. He sent the money immediately.

One day, after I returned from the camp, I asked George how much money was left for me. Then he said, "I can't tell, because the book is lost. Since they stopped sending my company papers and crates from San Jose, I became unable to continue my business. I have just come back from Los Angeles after quitting the business. But when I disposed the stuff in the company, I lost all the books. Sam, do you know how much money is left for you?"

"No, I don't." "Anyway, I think you have 800 or 900 dollars left, but no more than 1,000 dollars. But I am not sure, because it is only my memory." "George, then are you going to agree to give me 900 dollars which is the most you think?" "O.K." Everything was done by word between George and I. He was such an honest man. If I had grown celery the next year, I would have gained more than enough money to live the rest of my life without working. When I was shipping to George, I sold them 90

cents for 2 dozen, that is, one celery less than 2 cents. The next year when we came back from camp, a neighbor farmer grew celery for 20 acres and earned 2,000 dollars an acre, and this was the truth. When I grew celery before the war, I grew too many, and they were all big. So the tractors couldn't carry all of them, and I had to leave them on the farm. On the contrary, when the war began those who left anything to eat on farms were fined by inspectors. So farmers earned a big money during the war. My son-on-law is also growing celery and gets about 1,200 crates per acre. Sometimes one crate can be sold for 2 or 3 dollars. So last year, he made a large profit, and gave me a fur coat for a Christmas present. Anyway, I was the first that began to ship celery in Salinas.

Q: What does the word "thinning" mean?

A: That is to thin sprouts on a farm after sowing seeds.

Q: Which camp were you taken to?

A: Usually, a sheriff, a man from the F.B.I., and a police came together to each of our houses to take us. Since I was a good friend of the sheriff, he didn't come to my house, and only a police and an F.B.I. man came to take me. Before the outbreak of the war, when the Japanese Prime Minister Kodaira resigned and Tojo was elected as a new Prime Minister, I visited the sheriff's house with two big celery. When I was talking with his wife, he told me to come in. Since I was on my way back home from work, my shirt and boots were dirty with dust and soil. So I

told him I couldn't. He spread a newspaper on the floor for me to sit down, and offered me a cup of coffee. Then he said to me, "What is your opinion about the new government in Japan?" The relationship between Japan and America had already become bad at that time. I said to him frankly, "Mr. Kodaira is a civilian, but Mr. Tojo is a serviceman, so it is very possible that a war should break out if the relationship between Japan and America get worse." "Do you really think so?", asked he. "Yes. I do." I told him about the election and the cabinet of Japan. I wonder that this was the cause of my being arrested, because I had already resigned from the Japanese Association at that time and had been working on farms. Anyway soon after the outbreak of the war, a F.B.I. man came to my place by mistake looking for a person named Kita. A few days later he came to me again, and arrested me. That was in November, and I had already paid 5,500 dollars as rent for my farm. But the situation got so bad for the Japanese people that they were going to file suit against those who were farming without having citizenship. So I went to a lawyer to consult about this. He said, "If you quit farming, there would be no problem. But if you want to farm, you have to wait until you won the case at court. If you quit farming, I will get back a half of the rent for you." So I accepted his opinion and quit farming. Then I was arrested and taken to a police, and they searched my house. I had already burnt everything, such as the pictures of

Mr. Harada who was very famous internationally and quite a few calligraphic pictures drawn by famous people. I had even broken records. Some were arrested because of possessing flashlights, since they suspected that the flashlights had been used for sending signals to the Japanese people. Anyway, I thought at first that they would free me if I explained about myself. I was taken to a chief of police and asked my name and some simple questions, after that I was put in a jail in Kanki for 2 nights with other Japanese people from Watson and Monterey. Then they moved us to the Immigration Office in San Francisco, then to Santa Fe since the office got too full with 490 people. We got on Greyhound buses and went to a train station in Oakland. Cars and tram cars were ordered to stop while the buses passed. We took the Bay Bridge from Market Street, which was the only street to the bridge at that time. Then they put us in a train and pulled blinds down. We didn't know where we were being taken. Anyway we had stayed in the jail of the Immigration Office for 10 days or so. I was arrested at the third time, and some people came to see me in San Francisco. Before that, the Japanese people were so afraid that they didn't go to the jail to see their friends or relatives who had been arrested at the first and ~~second~~ time. Since my friend Mr. Ichikawa was put in jail at the second time, I went to see him. That was the first time the Japanese people visited their friends in jail. When I was arrested, my wife came to see

me with our six children, and she was scolded by a guard that she took her children with her to the jail. Then the sheriff said to her, "Oh, you came to see your husband. O.K. Your children can see him, too" Seeing my children, I felt so sentimental that I couldn't say a word. My wife handed me a paper of a bank and told me to sign it. Anyway, we didn't know what was going to happen. Some people on Silver Avenue made a lot of sushi, about 200 in two big boxes and sent them to us. We shared them with the people in our room, but some were still left. The next day, we were going to move, so I said to Mr. Kondo, "What shall I do with these sushi there are a lot left. They are still too good to be thrown away." We decided to take them with us and put them to a cooler place. I carried the sushi into a train. Fifty people were put on each coach, and a guard watched us. Some guards were so strict that they hit us telling us to pull down the blinds when we opened them. Fortunately, the guard in my coach was not too rigid and didn't say ~~anything~~ anything about drawing the blinds up slightly. The scene outside was all white with snow and we couldn't know where we were going. I said to the people, passing the left-over sushi, "Everybody, here are some more sushi that you can have. Please take one, this may be the last rice we can eat." Having no special topic to talk about, I cracked jokes a lot. "Well, nobody knows where we are going, but you had better ready yourselves. Although they served us good food -- roast beef --tonight, they

will kill us all tomorrow after serving ham and eggs in the morning and fried chicken for dinner. That's it! Ha!" Being under such a tense situation, my joke was taken seriously and made the people scared. I asked one black cook to tell me where they were taking us, but he said that he was not allowed to tell. So I asked him how many meals they were going to serve us, then he answered that four meals would be served. Sure enough, we had ham and eggs next morning, bologna sandwich for lunch, and fried chicken for the dinner. Oh, that was just what I had told them before. They got all suspicious and nervous. Finally we were taken to Santa Fe in New Mexico. In the camp there, instead of national guards, civilians in ordinary clothes and a hat were going around holding a gun sideways. Everybody said, laughing, "Such civilians with a funny way of carrying a gun. They can never shoot us right. We were taken to the camp by trucks and we were the first that entered in the camp.

Q: Was that in Santa Fe?

A: Yes, it was.

Q: Were you all men?

A: Yes, we were. Those who were picked up first were put in the camp. It was early February. Then the second group of arrested people came early May, just after the Emperor's birthday. It was a cold place and even in April 29, we had long icicles hanging on the eaves. In February, under the floor of our place was all frozen snow. There was a man named Tazumi who had gotten sick in

San Francisco and was in a hospital in the camp, but we hadn't been to the hospital to see him. So one day, I said to Mr. Kondo, "Mr. Kondo, we have to do something to get some information about Mr. Tazumi, or we can't report his condition to his family." "That's right. How about your going there." said he. Suggesting my opinion first, I couldn't say "No" and became a night watch of the hospital from the night. It was a very hard job. I worked every night for 12 hours from 8 at night to 8 in the morning under a temperature of 5 to 18 below zero. The night watchers of the hospital were four; one national guard, two from us, and one to take care of medicines. The work was keeping the fire of stoves in the hospital by putting coal into them.

The people put in the camp were all notoriously distinguished people selected by the police and F.B.I. so they were all wild. Besides, under such an abnormal circumstance, everybody was extremely nervous. So once a fighting was started, it was always frightening. The young man named Ohkado who was a laundryman was the first person who took care and settled the fights. He was quite a man and spoke both Japanese and English fluently. Then Mr. Kondo followed the task. One day about 400 new comers entered the camp from San Pedro in Los Angeles area and the camp became swollen suddenly with almost 900 people. Being ordered in the middle of each month by the military, the food became insufficient for feeding those new people, and the meals went bad. Later I found

out that the food served for us there was the first class.

That's why we were served ham and eggs or fried chicken on the train on the way to Santa Fe.

When I was walking around the camp to observe how the place was, I found a lot of sacks of rice piled in a barn. "Everybody, come and see here! Rice! I said and they gathered there. Hundreds of sacks of rice piles were being watched by a guard with a gun. I asked him how many sacks there were. "I think six hundred," he answered. We also found hundreds of 5-gallon cans of Kikkoman soy sauce. Then an enormous amount of wakame seaweed surprised us. "How much did you pay for this?" "Three thousand five hundred dollars," the guard replied.

"Look, wherever the Japanese people go, rice follows. Ha!", I said laughing. The Japanese people in San Francisco who owned food stores did a whole sale, because they had to move away because of the war. Some Jew merchants bought them at very low prices taking advantage of the Japanese people's need to sell everything at any cost. Then they sold them to the government. This was how these Japanese foods came to the camp. The first night that we got to the camp, pork and beans were served, so I said to myself, "Oh, no! I would not stand these kind of meals." Then the head of the camp gathered us all and gave a speech. He said, "All the people working here now are temporarily employed. If you worked and cooked, the meals would be better. Because the money which should be spent for one person is already decided

therefore if I paid for the workers here, your food should be worse. If you want to eat good food, you had better work. What is your opinion?" Having been served pork and beans, we decided to work. The place where we were put was 8,000 feet above sea-level, so it was very hard to cook rice. "We can't eat such half-cooked rice. What shall we do?", said someone. So I said, "Wait a minute. There is a man who was working in a sushi shop in Los Angeles. Send him here." The rice was cooked very well. We worked as a waiter, a cook, a dish-washer, a pan-washer, and so on by turns. Thus we became able to eat fine food of our own.

In the camp, there was nothing to do for us at first, and we didn't know what to do. Then I found lumber of 2x4 and some 20 feet long by the hospital when I was on the way there. They were piled up like a mountain. A funny thing was that some came and stole them. They made geta³ and various things out of the lumber. I wonder where they got the tools to make these things. Some stole files from a plumber who came to the camp to fix something, and by using the files, they made the various tools. Since we had a smith of Japanese swords, it was quite easy to have him make anything. He used a bellows. Thus they began to enjoy making hand-crafts and the mountain likely piled lumbers were gone after a little while.

One morning, I was late for breakfast. The person to take over my hospital work arrived later than 8 o'clock,

so I had to go to the dining room after 8 when it was to be closed. Then a cook told me that he would not serve me breakfast because on my being late. "O.K. I would never eat. Don't you know that I had been working at the hospital for 12 hours. I was late because I had gotten extra work. If you still insist on your opinion, I will go to tell the head of our camp about this and I will quit the work!" I said. "Hold it! I didn't know that. Please forgive me and eat your breakfast," said he. "All right. I will eat with one condition. I won't eat unless you take some sandwiches to us where we are working." Later, I quit working in the hospital and began a new work of weeding around the camp. Although we didn't have to work, I thought that I had better work for my health. There was one white man whose work was weeding, and one day when I was talking with him, he asked me to help his work. So I said, "O.K., but what are you going to give for this?" "Anything", answered he. This was the way I started weeding. On the other hand, those who finished using all the lumber to make hand-crafts began to pull our some poles of wood which had been standing as fences. Inside of the wood was still new and beautiful with red stripes. For them, they were good materials. Then I found a new place where a lot of lumber was piled up. Quite a few tent-houses were being constructed for the new comers where I was weeding. Inside an already constructed bathroom house, they had put lumber. I sometimes went over to the head and talked.

One day he asked me how many feet of the lumber by the hospital had been piled up. So I said, "Well, I guess they were about 5,000 feet." "Oh, no! Sam. There were totally 16,000 feet of lumber. You used them all up! I don't mind at all that you used them. The only thing I had been afraid was how badly the Japanese people would rise in riot. But my worry is gone. I am willing to offer those lumber to you, if you would be satisfied with them. I'm also thinking of getting tools for you," said the head. and indeed he bought us everything we needed to make crafts, such as saws and chisels. Although we got various tools, we didn't have any lumber left. Knowing the place where a lot of them were put, I asked a guy whom I was weeding with if we could steal the lumber. He said, "No!", so I said, "O.K. How about stealing them. You go away somewhere while I am stealing." I entered the building which was facing the fence. On that day before leaving for work, I had already told the people to come to the building to pick up the lumber which I was going to steal. I handed the lumber to the people through the fence, and worked so hard that I was tired and drenched in sweat, and had to tell them to excuse me for today.

Various things happened in the camp. There was a man named Tamanoha who came from Salinas and was a Buddhist priest. He was very good at judo and his big picture and an article about him were put in the San Francisco Examiner, saying that he was a guard of the Japanese

Emperor and that he was very good at judo. The news-paper also reported that he was the boss of spies from Japan. They really thought that the Buddhist church in Salinas was the headquarters of Japanese spies. On the contrary, this man Tamanoha was very coward. One day a guard with a machine gun watching over us on a tower called me and said, "Hey you! Where is the guard of the Japanese Emperor?" "Oh, he is in my room. What's wrong with him?" "I hear that he is an expert in judo." "Oh, no!" He is not so strong. I am stronger than he. Don't you believe it? I'll bring him here and show you the fact. So I went to Tamanoha, explained it, and asked him to make me win before the guard. I threw him down in judo techniques for a few times before the tower guard. A lot of guards gathered, watched me throw him down, and were surprised. Later I said to Tamanoha, "Mr. Tamanoha, I feel very sorry for you. Why? Being a police, your name is listed on a list of the Metropolitan Police Board of Japan. The name is printed so small that we have to use a magnifying glass to find it. Is this true?" "Yes." Coming to America, talking big, even the newspaper reported about you. If you got out of this place alone, an American police would catch and kill you. Even if you escaped from being killed and were able to go back to Japan, the Metropolitan Police Board would arrest you and fire you because of your talking big in America. He was so scared, hearing my talk. Anyway, being famous in the camp because of the newspaper, he was elected as

a chief of fire fighting.

There was also a man named Mitsuo Kitagawa who is now the Chairman of Theology Department at Chicago. He was very sharp although he was young and slender. We used to call him "Michan," since he was young. He came to San Francisco from Japan as a minister of the Episcopal Church in a church of white people. After he started to work as a minister there, the number of the members of the church increased very much. His elder sister had been working as a secretary at the headquarters of W.C.C. in Stockholm for a long time, but died two years ago.

Both of them were really sharp. One day several ministers of the Episcopal Church in Santa Fe came to see him and asked him what he wanted them to get. So he said, "We don't have anything for exercising or recreation. Please get us a few pairs of horse-shoes set and baseball set." They got us the things soon, so we organized baseball teams or enjoyed throwing the horse-shoes.

Since the camp was located on a very high level, about 8,000 feet above the sea, there were a lot of beautifully shaped pine trees growing on a mountain just behind the camp. Those who were good at gardening and planting trees decided to plant them in the camp. Some guards with guns took them out of the camp to the mountain. They pulled out pine trees, carried back to the camp, and planted them. They were really beautiful and about 6 or 7 feet high. Unfortunately they died.

I had a friend called Jimmy who was a white man. I asked

him what he had been doing before, then he said that he had been a farmer. "What are you doing now?" I asked. "I can't get any labor, so I left my farm as it is." "Why don't you begin some business and earn money?" "But I will not be able to get workers." "We will work for you, Jimmy." I said, "You don't have to pay, just serve us a steak meal for our lunch, and we will work. Then after the work, just take us back here." "Oh, that's a good idea." But the head didn't allow us to do so at all.

In the camp a lot of shavings of the lumber were scattered around like mountains, and one day the head said to me, seeing the awful sight, "I am going to have an inspector from Washington next week, so I have to sweep those shavings away and clean the camp. But how can I do it?" He was completely lost what to do, so I said, "If I clean the camp, would you get me what I would ask?" "Tell me what." "We need more lumber," I said, "Did you notice that we also used the wooden poles of the fence? I saw quite a few dead trees like those poles in the mountain behind us. Take two trucks and bring those trees to us, and we will clean this mess within a day." "Really?" "I can ask everybody to clean the shavings and the camp will be clean soon." He accepted my condition, and had his men cut and bring two loads of trees by 2-ton trucks by noon. Everyone hadn't known yet why they brought these trees to him, so I said to Mr. Tazumi who loved to make things out of wood, "Mr. Tazumi, before I

announce about this to everyone, take a good one for you. Also please take a small one for me. " The trees were gone in an instant after I announced to all. But before giving the trees, I explained the situation that we were having an inspector, and said, "If you swept all the shavings, I would give you these trees." Everybody accepted my condition. Next day everyone swept the shavings just around his living area, and the camp was cleaned instantly, and the head was so pleased with this that he did everything what I asked him. One day I asked him to take me to Mr. Borgeous who was one of my friends and living in Santa Fe, since I wanted to ask him something, but the head never let me go.

A garage mechanic of the camp came to work, so I asked him what he had been doing. He answered that he had owned a garage. "Oh, that's a good job. You must have earned a big money." "No, that's not true. How could I continue my work without any part?" That's why I came here to get a job. Everybody was surprised that I got a job here in the camp, and said, "Don't you know that a lot of notorious Japs were put in the camp. You have to get ready to be killed by them. So I had been afraid to come here first. Surprisingly enough, I have never seen such gentlemen. Are all the Japanese people gentlemen like you?" He seemed like to be really surprised at the fact.

We experienced a lot of things in the camp. One man was even shot and killed. He was shot by mistake.

They made the second group of new comers walk to the camp instead of carrying them by trucks. Among them, there was a sick man. When the group was getting close to the gate, he leaned over a fence and was shot by a guard who thought that he had tried to run away.

Some of us were ordered to dig a hole to bury him.

But we were not told until later about this.

The head was a really nice man.

Q: How long have you been there?

A: I have been there for almost 7 months. Some had to stay there for 3 years.

Q: Were your wife and children taken to a camp in Arizona?

A: Yes, they were. There were totally 10 assembly centers.

It was July that my family left home for a camp. At that time, it was still cold in Salinas at sixty-something degrees. Hearing that they were going to be taken to Montana, my wife prepared a lot of winter clothes, but on the contrary, they were taken to Arizona, a hot place. It was very hard for the people in Salinas where it was cold to adjust themselves to a very hot places like Parker and Poston, where it was so hot over 112° F that the thermometer couldn't go further up. First they took the people to a train station by car, carried them to Arizona by train, and then took them to the camp by car.

Hearing the news that our families were put in such a hot desert area, we the people in Santa Fe held a meeting to discuss about the request to the government to change the location of the camps. Mr. Yamaguchi, who was pious,

said, "Don't be silly. God would never take us where we couldn't survive." Very fine Christians like him were also put in the camp. Rev. Kokubun from Los Angeles was in our next camp and an intimate friend of Mr. Yamaguchi.

Q: I know Rev. Kokubun. I think he is already passed away.

A: No. He is still alive. I have recently received a letter from him.

Q: He was in Pasadena, wasn't he?

A: Yes, he is. Since my brother-in-law is going to publish an article about the history of Imperial Valley in an agricultural magazine, I asked Rev. Kokubun to write it this June. He is fine.

Q: Is that so? Then I may be thinking of another Kokubun.

A: He is the father of Mr. Toyotomi's wife.

Q: Yes, he is. I heard that he is dead but it is my misunderstanding, I guess. Does he know about Imperial Valley?

A: He is a great man, and called a saint of Imperial Valley.

Q: After you got out of the camp in Santa Fe, did you get together with your family?

A: Yes, I was put in the same camp as my family in Poston.

Q: How many children did you have at that time?

A: I had seven. We were taken to the camp in the same year as my daughter Michiko was born.

Q: Is John your second child?

A: Yes, he is.

Q: How long have you been in Poston?

A: We came back to Salinas in August 1945. Since I wanted to send my children to school, I wrote to a principal of a high school in Salinas. Then he wrote a letter to me, before the war ended saying that we had better wait until he said O.K. Anyway the war was over, so we came back to Salinas, and met Mr. Bravas in San Mateo and Mr. someone who had been to Japan. I asked Mr. Bravas to take me to the high school. At first I was very cautious, but I shouldn't have been. The friends of my children welcomed them. The principal asked me to wait for a week since he was going to give a training to his students before receiving my children. He visited every class to say, "We are going to receive some Japanese students here. If somebody treated them bad, I would tell his parents about that. If he didn't change his attitude yet, he should be the person to leave this school. You understand?" So when my children began to attend the school, there was no trouble at all.

Q: What was his name?

A: I don't remember.

Q: What was the name of the high school?

A: It was Salinas Union High School. My second daughter, Taeko has worked as his secretary for a long time. They were all nice and nobody called us Japs. My younger son Kensaku began to go to grammar school after we returned from the camp. One day he didn't come back as usual time. I was worried so much, and afraid that he might

have been taken to some place by somebody. I looked for him very hard, and found him in a hostel in the evening. I said, "What's the matter with you?" Then he said, "I showed my friend Salinas." We laughed. Thus, there was no trouble at all with my children. On the contrary, for us, the situation was so bad that some were on our guard, which I knew later. Since I had a 20-acre farm with a camp and a house, we started living there. These people used to go round my house a few times a day, and I was told about this later. The Abes were staying at my house for a while, because someone else was still living in his house and he had to wait until the person left. Then the house took fire. By the time we got there, the fire was all put out. A fire chief, whom I knew, said to me, "I want to open this door to check inside, but I can't. Because it was written W.R.A. (War Relocation Authority) on the door, so we are not allowed to touch it. Can I open the door to see how much of it was damaged?" "All right. You may open it." He opened the door and entered the house. Some had already come to the place by a jeep with broadcasting equipment, and was announcing that the fire was all put out. The air in Salinas was really bad for us the Japanese people after the war. Before the war I had been using the gas of Mr. Richfield's station and he and I had been good friends. Since he had helped me in many ways, I went to see him to say "thank you". He had gotten two white customers, so I waited for him until he finished.

Even after the customers left, he didn't seem like to say hello to me. So I said, "Hey Fred!" "I . . .," he said. "What's the matter with you?" I asked. "I don't want you. You came back and just came in." "What are you talking about? I just left here because of the War Authority ordered us to do so. I came back here because they ordered us to do so, too. If you didn't like it, I would tell the War Authority about you. Is it all right? I just came here to say "thank you" for your help before the war and didn't come to buy gas." When I came back from the camp, I found only one gas station named Hancock's that was serving gas to the Japanese people. I had been acquainted with a lot of people who were leading persons in Salinas, such as bankers, presidents of commercial companies, a chief of police and so on. However, the only person that said "Hello" to me was Mr. Boskini of a real estate company. While the other people avoided to see me when I was walking in the town, Mr. Boskini walked up to me when he saw me, and asked me when I had come back. I said, "I returned here about a week ago." "Is everyone fine?" he asked, and he was the only one that talked to me. One day I had to go to my farm to fix an iron fence which had fallen down while I was away. It was along a highway, and quite a few people that I knew passed the road. They slowed down their car while they were passing me who was cutting grass around the fence. But they didn't even raise their hand when they saw my face. I felt so uneasy with their attitude that I

went to a former land-owner Mr. Sandiera to ask what was happening. I asked him how the people were feeling about my return to Salinas. Then he said, "You watch out. Because everyone is now watching you how you settle down here." "Is that so" What is their intention?" "I don't know."

As soon as we returned from the camp, I went to the sheriff, and said, "I feel that it is still dangerous for us in Salinas." He said, "Although there are some dangerous characters, I guess it's already safe enough for you to live here. If something happened, call me at any time."

I never visited the same grocery stores twice, and whenever I went shopping, I went to different stores every time. Because I wanted to see their attitude to me, a Japanese. Fortunately there was not even one store that didn't sell me, so I judged that we could live in Salinas. Before that, I had been thinking of selling my farm and going somewhere else to live if the air was so bad that someone threw stones to us or shot toward my house.

When we arrived at Salinas, we didn't have any place to live in. The Buddhist Church people had been rented to somebody and he was still living there, but the Christian Church had not been rented to anybody and Mr. Chapman and Mr. Graffs had been watching it. Hearing that we were coming back, they opened it as a hostel for us. All the Japanese people including the Buddhist Church members

first lived in the church for a while. Those who had their families lived in the Sunday School rooms. We all cooked in the church. One day the Mayor, the fire chief, the police chief, and some other people came to the church. Luckily we had a guest from WRA of Salt Lake City. The person of WRA of Watsonville was too afraid to take care of us. These people told us that the church was not the place for people to dwell and cook, and that we could not live there. Then the agent from WRA said, "I know that. All right. But these people were ordered to return here after the war, but don't have any house to live in. I will give you 30 days for building fine houses for these people to live in. This is my order." They went back and never came back again.

Later, the city told that the church should be confiscated by 12,000 dollars. We discussed about opposing this idea with the city for many times. We also got a few people from San Jose to help us. But I noticed that these people from San Jose seemed like to make us agree with the city plan. I was suspicious about them, so I said to Dr. Kita, "Dr. Kita, it seems to me that the people from San Jose are not helping us, but for the city's side. Let's ask them which side they are for as soon as the conference begins. Anyway, we cannot let the city confiscate this church only at 12,000 dollars. That's really nonsense. We built this church by collecting contribution from everybody. We have to keep this at any rate." "Yes, if this building were taken away, my papa

would cry. Although he is already dead, he would cry under the grave." said Dr. Kita. Then, before the meeting had just begun, he said to the people from San Jose directly, "Hey, you gentlemen, are you on our side or their side?" "Of course, we are on your side." "O.K., if you say so!" The other people, such as councils of Salinas came and the meeting started. Since the city was proposing a plan of moving the church somewhere, we told the city our opinion. "If you want to move the building, we request that you should move everything completely as it is now. You should also decide the place beforehand where the site is large enough. Or we will fight against you as long as our request was accepted. With the Presbytery of the United States, we would never lose. Make and bring a blue print of what we said by next meeting which will be held next week." An engineer of Salinas opposed that it was impossible to make it within a week. So I said, "Yes, you can. I know an engineer of the city of San Jose, and he has done this many times." After this, the city never came back again to talk about this case.

A big reason of the bad situation for the Japanese people in Salinas was that the Bataanians in Salinas organized a union against us, which they named Forty-second Bataanian. (In 1942, one of the hottest battles of World War II was fought at Bataan of the Luzon in the Philippines.) Their march against the Japanese people was called Bataan March.

Q: Did you start your farm again after you returned from camp?

A: I began a fish shop, since it didn't require a butcher and was easy to manage. I sold some groceries, too.

Afraid that my name would keep people away from the shop, I named it "Salinas City Food Market".

First, I visited Mr. Garan, and said, "Mr. Garan, could you give me a job? I don't mind the kind of job. Any job's all right for me now, such as a job of a gardener. Because I can't live under this situation." "What's the matter with you? You can start your farm pretty soon." "No, I can't do that." "How about working on my farm?" "Mr. Garan, what are you going to do when your workers all go on strike because I, a Japanese, join them as a worker." He couldn't employ me.

So I went to work at a sardine-canning factory in Monterey, and worked there for a while.

Q: You had still your farm then, didn't you?

A: Yes, I did, although it was under the name of my wife's brother. I had left a lot of things in my farm hut, but almost everything was stolen. We put Japanese dishes and some other stuff in trunks, and left them there, but they were found burnt. I guess somebody stole the main things from the hut and burnt the rest. My farm had been leased to an Italian. I gave him the key of the house of my wife's mother, which was the best of all our houses, to live in. I also handed him the keys of the rest of the houses, and asked him to open the windows of them to let air in once a month. But they were rented to somebody

when we came back, and we had to wait until the people left. WRA told us to come back since three of our houses were open, and we returned to Salinas to find out that somebody was still living in our houses. Among 13 members of my family, I was the only man. The son of my mother-in-law was gone to the war, his wife brought her children, and I had seven children. The only house open was a small house with 4 rooms which had been used as a camp of my strawberry ranch, and we had to live there. The people living in our houses didn't seem to leave the houses. So I asked an agent of WRA of Watsonville to order them to leave, but he was too afraid to come to our place. Next, I asked a WRA of Salt Lake City and finally they left, but 2 months had already passed after we came back. We had to have a hard time living in a small house for 2 months. We had to spread mat on a kitchen floor to sleep. We couldn't have enough room to eat together. Hearing that the air in Salinas was bad for the Japanese people, they were afraid to come back here. Instead, they came to observe if they could return to live here. The time was so bad for us that we could not have food in restaurants, so every Japanese came to my place to take meals. Therefore, I was broke the first month by serving them meals. My wife and the wife of my brother-in-law cooked from morning till night. We had quite a few guests everyday, and served a meal to all. I got a lot of tickets for meat and sugar and I used them to buy so much meat that people looked at my

face with surprise. Coming back from shopping, I sometimes asked my children what they wanted to have for dinner and their answer was always "Steak!" I also bought prawns to serve which were being sold at a small store along a beach where I used to pass on the way to Watsonville. to see the WRA. They use to cost 35 cents a pound before the war but the cost was 50 cents a pound there. I got a lot for they might like them since prawns were hard to get. Mother-in-law asked me how much they cost. "50 cents a pound," I answered. "Oh, that's not bad," she said.

Anyway, having quite a few guests to serve meals, we were broke soon, and had to begin to work. I found a job at a cannery, but they didn't give me the work all the time. My wife used to listen to the radio, ironing or sewing, to listen to a call from the cannery. I had to leave at once when they called us, because they sent us a bus.

Q: Where was the cannery?

A: It was in Monterey. Some of the canneries still remained in Monterey and a cannery of Del Monte was newly built there.

Q: How long have you worked there?

A: I didn't work long. I worked 6 months or so there. Then I worked for a big lettuce company owned by my friend and there I grew tomato-seedlings.

Q: Did you do any farming later?

A: No, I didn't.

Q: What did you do then?

A: I began a fish and grocery shop, and worked until I retired recently.

Q: You have done a lot of things, haven't you?

A: Yes, I have experienced a lot of things. I think I was truly born to be busy. In the camp at Arizona, the work that I picked was done only once. I did about 10 kinds of jobs there, though I don't remember the exact number. Everyone wanted me to help him work, and asked me to join him working. The work that I chose was to make a golf course there by cutting and cleaning branches of trees. It was the most easygoing work. I started working at 9 o'clock in the morning, took a break before lunch time, and didn't work so much in the afternoon.

Q: Where was it?

A: It was in Poston. I got paid 12 dollars a month for that work. Then I got paid 16 dollars, which was the highest salary paid us in the camp, as a block manager. One day the people working in the kitchen in my block went on strike. There were 350 to 360 people living in one block. A cook came to me with the key of the kitchen and said, "Mr. Kitamura, I quit working as a cook." "You quit? When?" "Just now." "Is that so? O.K. I accept your resignation. I can't hire a cook like you who tells me without any time that he quit his job right now. I will ask you to quit the job right now. I can't have such an irresponsible

man any more."

This man had been making fine meals only for his family and for the rest of the people, he cooked very poor meals. In the internment camp of Santa Fe, when the people began to leave there or move to another camp day after day, the food began to be in excess, because about 100 to 150 persons left at one time. By the time we were leaving, we could eat big steaks as many as we liked. Moreover, they cooked suchi for me when I was leaving. They even served us watermelon.

There was a man named Mr. Kai whose bed was next to mine. He had an ability to cut big whole meat into various parts. When the food was insufficient, he used to cut a very big piece of the finest part, cook it and bring it to me. He wrapped it with paper and put it under my pillow, saying, "Mr. Kitamura, I brought that for you again." It was extremely delicious, but so big that I had to share it with 3 or 4 people. I still can't forget it. Although we had suffered so much with insufficient food before, we were not so much eager to eat when we could eat as much as we liked.

The lunch I had in the camp of Poston when I arrived there from Santa Fe was so poor that I was unable to eat it, and I cried. They served mashed potatoes with a little bit of pink beans in the center. The rice was half done and dry. And that was all they served. I got so mad, thinking that they had been serving such bad food to my family.

I was still rough in mind and was not calmed down at first when I was moved to Poston, and sometimes made the people sing a Japanese military march song loudly. One day, a young man from Salinas came to me, and said, "Mr. Kitamura you had better watch out. They say that you would be taken back to Santa Fe again." "Really? But why?" "I heard that you had horsed around the other day." "Oh, that's nothing. When I was in Santa Fe, we used to stand in line at the gate and sing the Japanese military song loudly to an American officer who was visiting to observe us." "But there was some spy that told about you to the head office, and you are marked now." "Is that so? O.K. I am going to be more quiet, since I don't want to go back to the internment camp again."

Q: What did you do with the cook?

A: I made him quit. There was a man named Mr. Takiguchi from Monterey. He was the man who had taught how to cook to cook to all the cooks of Camp I to III. He was a Christian of and a real gentleman. As soon as I fired the cook, I went to Mr. Takiguchi, who was cooking for a kinderfarten of the camp. "Mr. Takiguchi, I have just fired a cook of my camp because he wanted to quit. I have to serve dinner to the people tonight, but I am completely lost what to do. Would you come and help me?" "Is that so? You must be really in trouble. All right. I will come over and help you." I asked a few volunteers of both men and women from each block to help with the cooking. The women taught the men volunteers

how to cook or how much to cook. Suddenly Mr. Takiguchi shouted in the kitchen, "Oh! No! Look at this!" "What's the matter?" He found out tremendous amounts of sugar, shortening, cheese, and some other stuff which was hidden in the kitchen. "Mr. Kitamura, you had better use them all up or they will never survive here." "Is that so? All right, Mr. Takiguchi, please prepare dinner for us with these things. You can use them as much as you like." "O.K.", said Mr. Takiguchi and he helped us for one week. Bored without any particular thing to do, women were willing to cook. When they made cake or some other special dishes, they cooked them extra to taste and they really enjoyed helping. In the morning, we served lots of pancakes. Every night, we served cake as a dessert. Everyone really liked these wonderful meals and was surprised to be served such rich dishes after having had terrible meals. The fired cook used to cook finr dishes only for his family and serve the rest of the people poor meals. It happened often that the children of the cook were eating a thick piece of bologna while the rest of the children were not served that. Seeing them eating it, a child sitting at the other side of the table cried, "Mama! I want that bologna, too!" So I was willing to have the cook quit. For a while, meals were prepared by volunteers by turns, but this was just temporary. I decided to ask Mr. Oku from Reedley, who use to manage a restaurant. I realized that Mr. Umeda was the only person that could persuade him to cook for us. He used to work as a cook

on a boat, and became chief chef of Mr. Oku's restaurant. So I asked Mr. Umeda to go to Mr. Oku to persuade him to be our cook. Hearing Mr. Umeda's words, he said, "Oh, no! How could I refuse this, since Mr. Umeda, an elder, cook? I have been thinking that I would never cook in the camp because I have done a lot in my restaurant!" He accepted to be our cook reluctantly, and surely he was a very good cook. With plenty of materials to cook, he gave full scope of his cooking ability. So I quit the work as a block manager, and began to work in the kitchen in order to secure plenty of fine foods for him. Among the cooks there was a man from Salinas who was really mean. We used to use regular sugar both for milk for children and for coffee. And I had a lot of children. One day, sugar became short, so this man named Takemoto told me to use Karo for the children's milk. My answer was, "All right. But I'll use Karo for coffee, too." He didn't say anything and couldn't put Karo into the milk. "Mr. Takemoto, don't think that I said so because I have a lot of children. Everyone, both children and adults, have an equal opportunity in this camp. How can we discriminate between children and adults!" I roared at him. Next morning, I ordered a lot of to secure sugar for children because we were not given sugar unless we took . But nobody used . To get fresh milk, I ordered a lot of powdered milk, and buried it behind the camp at night, although my family knew it. One day, they gave us rotten eggs. So I went to

to negotiate on this, and said, "Do you think we can eat these rotten eggs? The answer is "No!" Tell me that you'll bring fresh eggs to us!" They said that they didn't have fresh ones. "Is that so? That's why you gave us rotten eggs for our meals. I am going to take these to the head office to tell about this." "Wait a minute, please." "Then promise me to bring fresh eggs." "Please calm down! I'll manage somehow." And they brought fresh eggs. People were afraid to complain or negotiate and that's why they gave rotten eggs. I ordered plenty of coffee and soy sauce for my block. A boy from Salinas used to deliver soy sauce and he knew that we got a lot of it in my block. One day, when he was delivering soy sauce to another block, a 50-gallon barrel fell off his truck and hit the ground and was broken. He said to me, "Mr. Kitamura, please lend me a barrel of soy sauce, since you have more than enough for your block. I have to deliver it today to a block, but I broke the barrel." "How do you know that we have plenty of it?" "I know." To the people of my block, I supplied various foods abundantly. I told the people to bring a cup for each to get soy sauce or coffee. And I ordered plenty of foods from a supplying office. There were some of my block 220 living in the next block 219, so I used to take various things there. Although a lot of materials to cook, such as butter to make pudding, we didn't have because so many people used them. Putting a lot of things on a long table, I announced the people to take what they wanted, but in vain.

I had to think of another way to dispose that stuff. So I sometimes took them to another block. Some said, "Mr. Kitamura, I'm afraid that you might get in trouble, bringing these from your block." "Are you kidding? In my block, nobody wants these, so I'm in trouble to deal with the stuff." "Is that right?" I used to take our food to Mr. Ichikawa a lot. I told the cooks or my block to take good care of the delivery boys. I also told them not to eat steak by themselves in the kitchen, although cooks of the other blocks often did so. When the delivery boys came, I used to ask what they would like to have. I usually had a few of them deliver to my block. "Sir, do you have steak for us?" "Sure, we do." I told a cook to cook steak for them. Another cook served them coffee and soy sauce. One time, while the people were suffering from cold because of a shortage of oil for stoves, the oil was so full that it was being spilt from the tank of my block. And I had to ask my people to help to take the excess out of the tank. Since I took very good care of the delivery boys, they put too much oil in our stove even when oil was short. Whenever they came, I gave them oranges, apples, and whatever they wanted to have.

"Mr. Kitamura, we got enough last time, so no more for today." "Don't hesitate! Just take it." The way of treating people changes situations.

One day the workers of the kitchens of the whole camp decided to go on strike. But the cooks of my block opposed having the strike. by holding a meeting, and the

block manager, Mr. Sakurai and I had to go over to the group to tell what my block decided. They were quite radical, ready to take violent action, and waiting for us with clenched fists. Mr. Sakurai, though he was tall and big, was trembling with fear. The leader of the strike groups was Mr. Tachibana, who was extremely radical. I said, "Mr. Tachibana, my kitchen staff decided not to join the strike, and asked me to tell you as their representative." "What? Can't you realize the hardship the Japanese soldiers are now experiencing in such cold weather?" "Yes, I can. But what does it have to do with the strike?" "Do you think that we may spend easy days in this camp while they are suffering?" "I understand what you're trying to say, but what can we do in this camp?" "But we are not served good meals at all here." "I don't understand what you're talking about. Come and see the food we are having. They are glad to have such fine meals." "I don't believe it!" "If you don't come to my block and try our food." The leader had been a teacher in Los Angeles, and his wife was from Salinas, so I had known him before. He was really a sharp guy, and spoke English and Japanese fluently. I said, "Anyway, I came here not to fight with you, but to tell that my kitchen staff are not going on strike." "What? Aren't you from Hiroshima Prefecture?" "Sure I am, but how can I go on strike, being served fine food and living comfortably? Mr. Murata, I would be willing to help you when you become able to be self-sufficient to go on strike for 3 or 5 months. I have a

lot of children, so what would happen if milk was stopped being delivered for one week? What are you going to do when thehead office stops every supply to us? Even if you grew radishes, you couldn't eat only them." Nobody spoke. "Well, since I finished my duty, I'm going back, I said. There were a few young men who were still clenching their fists, but they didn't say anything and were just standing and watching me going back.

Various things happened in the camp, and I changed jobs so many times. The head of the block managers, who was from Salinas always came to see me asking to settle some trouble that happened. At last I said, "Don't come to see me any more. Just think I am out!" There were quite a few criminal things happening.

Q: What happened?

A: In the camp, we were given stoves. A wall stove was given for each shack, a big stove for the dining room and one each for an ironing room and restrooms were also given. We had to go to a place to bring them to our place. The head of Camp II and I went there by truck. Camp I, having 10,000 people in it, took 6 trucks, our camp, Camp II took only 3 trucks since only 3,000 people were there, and Camp III took 3 trucks to go to a place where a train carried the stoves. There, I found out that a guy working for the station was having the boys we took load on his truck.. He drove the truck to somewhere else and stole the stoves. I dealt with this case and delivered all of them to the camp. I gathered the people of my block in a place,

had the block manager show them how to use the stoves, and told them never to fix them by themselves when they didn't work well. I said, "There are quite a few extra stoves for us, so bring a bad one to me, and I will give you a new one." Things went so smooth that soon nobody came to change a bad stove to a new one, but we had still a lot of them left. So I hid them to save for another time, and didn't return them to the head office.. One day the head said, "I heard that you still keep some extra stoves. Is it true?"

I used to take 4 trucks to get some stuff, while Camp III took 2, therefore, we, Camp II usually got twice as much stuff as Camp III. So a man from Camp III said, "You got two truck-loads extra. Would you give one of them to our camp?" "No! These are my camp's. I can't offer you any." Then he told a truck driver to go to Camp III. So I said, "Hey! You are not a man of Camp III. I will have your neck if you go to Camp III! Go back to Camp II right now!" In this way, we always got more than what Camp III got.

One day, a boy came to tell me that a man from the office came to take the extra stoves back. So I said to him, "Tell the man that I am out now." And I gave all the stoves to my people. We didn't have to suffer from shortage because of the tactics.

Some conversation with his family

Q: You draw beautiful. I have just started this.

A: I'm only a layman, so I can't guess what would come out.

One day, I had to take 10 to 15 cars to get lumber. At that time every morning, I went with the head to bring the guards, and got them on a truck. I also asked a guard how many guards we got the day when they were standing in line. Every time, I showed them how to carry a gun or how to fire. They didn't even know these things. "Don't put the muzzle downward. It should be upward," I taught them. I got on a truck, sitting by the driver, and went to a depot where the lumber was put. When we started loading them on our small trucks, there was a big truck that had been already loaded, almost full. Since we had small trucks, we finished loading at the same time they finished packing into the big truck. And we left the center together. There was a place where the road branches off into two; one towards the camp and another to Phoenix. The big truck full of lumber took the road to Phoenix and they stole them this way. One time, some stole of sugar. These things happened so many times.

Q: Who did these things?

A: White people stole.

Q: Were they somehow related people with the camp?

A: I couldn't trace them, but they couldn't do such a thing without getting some information from the camp.

So we held a meeting to discuss about the ways of preventing these robberies. We decided to send 4 men; 2 from Camp I, one from Camp II, and one from Camp III, to the depot every day to check where the truck came from and

by whom the load was to be received. The drivers had to show them a permit made by the camp. I was asked to do this work, but I didn't want to, and said, "I don't want to do this, since I have a good job now." They insisted on my going there, so I finally had to accept it. For two months, from morning till noon, I stayed there without doing anything. I spent the time playing or making a bonfire. After that, this guarding system was cancelled. If we had continued this system, I could have been killed.

Q: Is that right?

A: Yes. We found out this information later. I was scared when I got this news that I was about to get killed. The white people who had been making big money by stealing the stuff from the depot became unable to do it because of this prevention, and planned to kill us. Nobody could see them if they shot us behind a building and that's all. The head office stopped us doing checking, I heard.

From the depot, even a bulldozer, 75 disappeared. Can you imagine that the giant bulldozer which can knock down a big tree was gone in one night.

Q: Really? Somebody must have made big money.

A: Since the ground of the camp was so dusty, we decided to grow vegetables between shacks. First we had to level the ground, and I was asked if I could direct it. So I said, "Sure, I can. It's not so complicated." And a new job was offered. I used 20 to 30 scrapers of (Fordson), so first of all I went to Camp I, where all the assembly

was being done, to get them. Surprisingly enough, in a big shack 100 feet tall, various kinds of tires, such as tires for a passenger car were piled up to the ceiling. They got all kinds of tires, so we just went there and changed a tire to a new one when it got bad.

Anyway, I let a worker test-drive a scraper. But it didn't scrape the ground at all. I said, "This doesn't work. What's wrong?" "I think that's because I have changed the tires." He told that he put bigger tires on the scraper, consequently it happened that the body got taller and the scraping attachment became unable to reach the ground. They had to replace each of the scrapers. "Oh, no! I have to go back by noon. Where can I have lunch?" They arranged for me to eat lunch at Camp I, and I took the scraper to our camp. It took nearly 2 weeks to level the ground, and clouds and clouds of dust was raised. I finally told them to quit. "Look! You hardly see if there is a man or not over there with this awful dust. And I have to stand in the middle of the dust to direct the workers. Don't you know that I have 7 children? You might just say "Too bad!" even if I had consumption! I will definitely quit right now! "Wait a moment! I'll send a man here to help you, so please continue this for one more day!" I showed the man how to do leveling, and quit. In this way, they asked me to do every kind of job and I had to do quite a few jobs one after another. They even asked me to help publish a Japanese newspaper in the camp. I had worked there for a while, but I quit when some

trouble arose.

Just then, they were raising people to work outside the camp. So I applied for the job. It was a job to work for a pea cannery of Del Monte in Oakden.

Q: Did you go there every day from the camp?

A: No. It was 1,000 miles from the camp to (Oakden). So I stayed there, sleeping in a tent, and worked for more than one month.

Q: Did you have to come back to the camp every time after working for one month?

A: Yes, we did. When we left the camp, we were given a permission card with our picture on it. In (Oakden), we also had to report to the office whenever we went out more than 5 miles away from the tent. They didn't allow us to go to Salt Lake City without a report. I canned peas and tomatoes there, but between the season of peas and tomatoes, there was an interval. During that break, I worked on railroad with a pickax. The work of railroad was relatively easy and I liked it.

There was a white man named Homer who was also working on the railroad. He was quite a man. His son was killed by a Japanese submarine that attacked a Navy boat he was on. The boat was split into two and everybody on board was killed. Before this happened, he had exchanged his belt with his friend's so that either of them alive could take their friend's belt to his parents when he got killed. This friend of his was on another boat, and had to watch him be attacked, and killed by the submarine. "This is my

son's belt that his friend brought to me," he said to me, showing the belt he wore. I felt uneasy with it. He didn't treat us bad at all, although his son was killed by Japanese. He said, "He was a soldier fighting at the war. To kill or to be killed, that's his only choice. There was no other way!" He was a man of high perception. "I don't have any bad feelings toward you, because you don't have anything to do with my son's death. Even if you killed him at the war I cannot hate you because that's the destiny of soldiers." I was really impressed by his attitude.

Q: I'm surprised to know that there was such a person among many.

A: Yes, while the people in Salinas had really bad feelings against Japanese.

Q: Salinas was a bad place for the Japanese people, wasn't it?

A: Before the war, it was a nice place for Japanese. But after the war, it turned out to be a harsh city for us because of the Bataanians and their march. In Bataan during the war, the soldiers were all killed by the Japanese army, therefore, they had a bad feeling against Japanese. My second son, Kensaku, once applied for the Coast Guard. The top officer of the Coast Guard was a man whose son was killed at the battle of Bataan, therefore, he never let my son admitted to the Guard although the reason was not explained to him. So he went to the place to ask for his admission so many times. Then a man at the office said to him. "Hey you! You had better give this up because he

doesn't have a good feeling for you as a Japanese. Do you know that his son was killed at Bataan? That's why he wouldn't let you in. Even if you entered here, he would never treat you nice. I suggest you go to another place." The reason he tried to join the Guard was to get a deferment of conscription. He finally went over to and was admitted there, although the time came for him to go for military service, and he finished the duty.

Q: Did you come back directly to Salinas from the camp?

A: Yes, we did. The Ichikawas and my family were the first that arrived here. But the Ichikawa family couldn't get in his two houses because there were people living there when they were gone who didn't get out. Mr. Hayashi in Watsonville who came back earlier owned a boarding house, so Mr. Ichikawa put his family there and came to Salinas everyday to see his houses.

Q: How did you feel when the problem of Nisei's military service was raised in the camp?

A: I was pro-Japan. When they said they were going to take Nisei as American soldiers a son of my friend who was still in Santa Fe came to see me to consult about this matter. "Mr. Kitamura, you are a friend of my father. So I'm sure you know my father's feeling." "Yes, I do." "What so you think about my volunteering for service? "Don't be silly! In my opinion, only those who can use their citizenship 100% fully should volunteer. What are you talking about, being kept in a fence?" I scolded him

loudly so that the other Nisei could hear me. I guess this was the reason that they were intending to take me back to Santa Fe again. Anyway, this man volunteered for service. At that time, I was working at the depot to check trucks and goods. There was a man named Kido Daizen also working at the depot. You know Mr. (Kohin) Kido who claimed Edo government? He is already dead, but was working for the Consulate. Anyway, this man sitting by the fire talked about the problem of Nisei's military service. According to him, some American army authorities came to Salt Lake City and gathered the heads of the J.A.C.L. When they went to the place, everything had been already arranged and set so that they couldn't oppose or say "No" to the plan of drafting Japanese as soldiers. Before that, they even refused to draft a Japanese who volunteered for service. When Kido told me this, I had a discussion with him since his opinion differed from mine. I said, "We have American citizenship, therefore, we are supposed to possess the same rights as Americans do. But look! Being put in this camp surrounded by fence, how can we say that we possess the same rights that are given to Americans? Besides, you say you obey their demand for Nisei to be drafted because of their oppression. You are quite a coward!" I know. Majority of the Japanese people think so. But I think this way: we give ourselves first in this country, then I want to say what I want." "Really? Do you think that way?" "This is the only way. If this way of thinking spread

among Japanese, it would save not only Nisei but also Issei." Hearing him, I was quite impressed and became uncertain if my opinion was right. Admirably enough, he started explaining his opinion from Camp I to III.

In a dining hall of a block, about 300 people had meals.

In Camp II, about 3,000 people were living, therefore, there were totally 10 blocks in Camp II. He visited each block from Camp I each night. So there came out quite a few people who wanted to kill him. But he finished visiting all the blocks giving a speech.

Q: Was he Nisei?

A: Yes, he was, although an elder Nisei. He had been working at the Consulate when I was working for Japanese Association. So we had known each other since then..

Anyway, thinking about his hard situation, I felt so sorry for him. Every day before noon, he came to the camp to explain the opinion. He did it at the risk of his life, although a lot of policemen were guarding him. These guards were Japanese, but the head of them was an American. I went to several places to listen to him, being afraid if some violence would happen. He finished all, and nothing happened to him. I was amazed at him and impressed very much by his greatness. After he was done this to persuade the people, he was attacked by two boys from Salinas. The information of attacking Kido had been known before hand, and this had been also reported to him. Kido, holding a baseball bat, waited for them in his room. As soon as he heard a knock on the door, he

suddenly opened it and hit them on their shins as hard as possible with the bat. They ran away, crying.

There were still several boys waiting outside the door to attack him, but all were arrested by the policemen covering Kido.

The next morning early, Kido was taken out of the camp so that he could be safe because the camp became too dangerous for him to stay any longer. Those who were arrested were taken to the police of Camp II. Every camp had a police. A dentist from Watsonville who had interpreted them came back and said, "Oh, no! They all confessed everything honestly! So I couldn't do anything at all to help them!" According to his story, those arrested young men, who had been speaking ill of Kido, was speaking of "Yamato-Damashii" ⁴, trembling before the policemen's questions. Hearing this, we laughed and laughed. Anyway, they were sent to somewhere or Santa Fe.

Q: What did you do when they asked your allegiance? Allegiance to America or to Japan.

A: First, they made us answer a questionnaire in which they asked which side we were for. Of course, I answered that I stood by the Japanese side. Among the Nisei in the camp, their opinions differed in many ways. A son of Mr. Miyazaki said, "We don't have to be faithful to America at all if they put us, Nisei here without admitting our rights of citizenship. If America would admit my citizenship completely 100%, I will be willing to fight

for America, and I would never hesitate to fight in Japan."

Even the government of U.S.A. was helpless to answer him.

It was quite noised about in the newspapers that this would be a case to be tried. They did hearings of him outside the camp, but finally Mr. Miyazaki won. I thought that he had done a great thing.

Q: What was he? Was he studying laws or something?

A: No, he was not. His father was quite a wise man, and they were doing strawberry ranch in Salinas. He is now managing a grocery store in Los Angeles.

Q: Majority of Japanese told that they were on the Japanese side, didn't they? There must have been little that stood on the American side.

A: There were some among us that were for the American side.

Q: I heard that they asked this questionnaire again and again.

A: Yes, they did. So in the end, there appeared quite a few people who told that they were loyal to the U.S. After this, they established conscription of Nisei.

A younger brother of my brother-in-law's wife volunteered for service without telling anybody, although his parents were back in Japan. I got mad at him, because his uncle was a Japanese naval officer. I said,

"Your uncle might kill you if you were captured and taken to Japan." He didn't say any comment. He was sent to Guam Island and did the work of translation of the Japanese broadcasting. He was a smart guy, and knew the Japanese language very well since he had gone to a school

of the Japanese language. When the Japanese navy surrendered the island, he was the first person that was taken to Japan by a destroyer. It took him from Hokkaido to Kyushu a few times, and entered a port in Yokohama. He knew the location of his house in Yokohama and saw it from the boat in the port. Getting permission to go out, he went to his house. Seeing a tall guy, their son, in an American military uniform standing at the gate, his parents couldn't say a word nor believe it for a while. How could they imagine that their son was an American soldier! In Japan, people believe that Nisei would never become a soldier.

After he was discharged, he worked for H.Q. in Japan for a while, and came back to America with quite a bit of money. His father, being a good cook, worked at a club-house of American officials, and was well-paid. He brought home a plenty of fine foods from the place, and didn't have a hard time even after the war when the Japanese people were suffering from the shortage of food.

Q: Issei have experienced various things. What do you want to tell the Sansei?

A: Well, that's hard.

Q: If you have a chance, what would you like to say or teach to the younger generation, Sansei.

A: The most important and necessary thing is being religious. Without this, human beings are hopeless. This is what I really feel.

These days, Nisei don't attend Sunday worship so much

and I don't think I instructed my children enough. At the church, some told me that I was a good Christian. Then I heard somebody say, "Ha! But his daughter ... !" I have a daughter who was divorced. Being afraid that I might spoil the atmosphere of Nisei's worship service, I clearly told Rev. Kanoh that I quit attending service.

Anyway, being religious and having a religious mind is the most important thing. One of my children, brought up in Sunday school and having a Christian husband, got divorced. I said to her, "Why did you make a vow of marriage before the Lord?" And she got married with a white man. After I called her down, she never comes to see me. Being my child, I was going to forgive her. So when my younger brother came over here from Japan to see me this May, I told her to come to the party at my house. The answer was, "I'll think it over." I said, "Shall I ask Rev. Igarashi (?) to talk to you?" "No!" This is my shame. Anyway, I truly feel the importance of being religious-minded.

Q: Is it already 60 years since you were baptized in Japan before coming here?

A: Yes, it is! I was baptized in Japan, not knowing about Christianity. So I was not a true Christian, nor didn't have any religious faith. Twenty years ago, in 1953, I had a stroke. I have a friend named Mr. Yamaguchi, who was once elected as a church secretary, but didn't attend worship service often. This is the only person

I could trust. I was feeling that he was a kind man. After the war, he didn't come back to Salinas and started a chicken house in Riverside, instead. A minister in Riverside asked him to come over there because he needed more than 7 members to open his church again. And the church was opened. Then he heard the news that the church in Salinas was going down, so he came to Salinas to see the situation. The church was almost dead. He thought he had to come back to Salinas to save this bad situation. He sold his chicken house for a mere song, left the land there since it wasn't sold yet and came to Salinas with his wife just before Christmas when chickens were about to lay eggs. Here, he started preaching Christianity. On New Year's day, he came to my house and said, "About shoshu-kitohkai⁵ it was held at the Iwashiges last night. So tonight it is held at my house. Are you going to attend the shoshu-kitohkai at my house, aren't you? Since I hadn't attended the one the previous night, I said, "Sure I am!" "Do come or you'll be sorry for it! Or I'll never come here to shop." "Don't speak big! I was doing O.K. even when you were out of Salinas. It doesn't matter at all even if you don't come shopping." "I'll come here to shop anyway, since it might become a big trouble later." And he left.

When I got to his house, about 15 people had already come and I was the last one to arrive. As soon as a hymn was over, he told me to give a testimony. "I have never done such a thing, so I can't do it." "Yes, you can.

You told me the other day that you cancelled everything you had ordered, after reading a book by Kato. Tell us about that!" Told by him, I couldn't refuse.

I stood before the people, but I just couldn't speak a word and cried. Everybody there cried, too. Later, Mr. Yamaguchi told me that he was glad about what I had done. Then he said to his wife, "Mama, although we lost money with the chickens, I am quite satisfied to know that a man, Mr. Kitamura was saved. That's more than enough." He took good care of me and everytime I have to go out somewhere, he takes me there by his car. He is now 85 years old, and getting close to 86. This man, surprisingly enough, takes an early dinner, attends a meeting at Hayward, and drives back at night around 12:00 p.m. He is the man who told that God would never send us to the place where we couldn't survive, when we were having the meeting to discuss about the bad location of the camp. He surely had firm faith to God and is not like other men.

Whenever and whatever I did or said wrong, he immediately told me I was wrong. And I am most happy when he corrects me. One time I said in a testimony, "If I had become a Christian earlier, I would never have this paralysis." Then he stood up and said, "Although Mr. Kitamura told so now, he would never have become a Christian, if he hadn't have the paralysis." That is really true.

We used to talk about my first testimony. I couldn't say a word and even Yamaguchi cried.

I was baptized just for my benefit to come to America and was not a true Christian. But I was very lucky to know Mr. Harada, the President of Doshisha University, who introduced me to some fine people here.

In 1960, I went to Japan and wrote to Mr. Ken Harada a son of Mr. Harada, in Tokyo. He answered to me, saying "My father is buried at a high hill of Higashiyama. Since you have difficulty in walking, you don't have to force yourself. If you really want to visit my father's grave, please visit my sister who is in Kyoto and go with her."

Since my legs were not good enough to walk hard, I took my younger brother and his two sons with me. They said, "Don't worry, uncle! We will carry you up there, if it's hard for you."

Ken Harada was a secretary of Dr. Nitobe when the League of Nations was established in Geneva, Switzerland. He worked there for 3 years more after Japan withdrew from the League. He resigned the work since the situation was not favorable for him to stay in the office while Japan had already withdrawn from it. Then he became an ambassador to Italy. After that, he has worked for the Imperial Household Agency as a Director of Ceremonial Department for 15 years. He retired 3 years ago because of his age and health. Before he retired, he had been in a hospital for 6 months because of a heart disease and a new director who was to take over his work was chosen.

He was an ambassador to London, I guess. A week before his retirement, he wrote to me that he was going to take a round-the-world trip and visit me in Salinas, if a doctor gave him permission. And he came to Salinas to see me.

Appendix

Yagyw¹ - A famous Kendo expert. Page 12

Matsudairas² - One of the three Shogun families. Page 12

Geta³ - Japanese wooden shoes. Page 46

Yamato-Damashii⁴ - A brave hearted man who doesn't fear
accomplishing anything even if it is at the
risk of his life. Page 82

Shoshu-kitohkai⁵ - A prayer meeting. Page 86